

WHY THE PEACE PROTOCOL WAS DROPPED

By SCOTT NEARING

THE Geneva Protocol was drawn up by a special committee of the League of Nations and approved by the League Assembly. The chairman of the Committee, Dr. Benes, after stating that the problems of the Ruhr occupation, the reparations struggle, the economic life of Germany, and the inter-allied debts are being or have been solved, adds:

"And, finally, the question of security, on the basis of the Geneva Protocol, is solved. . . . It will remain the basis of peace in Europe."

"The Geneva Protocol aims at ending wars and at limitation of armaments through the mediation of the organization of the League of Nations."

France, Germany, and Great Britain are the nucleus of the European struggle, and the struggle for security is a struggle to enable France to hold political dominion over the Baltic States and continue her economic superiority over Germany. Germany is better supplied with raw materials, with production machinery, railroads, canals, factories, and the like, than France, and is far better organized productively. France won a military victory over Germany because of outside economic support, so this "question of security" involves the maintenance of a State of unstable equilibrium for a period of half a century. Just as the Dawes Plan provided for an economic "settlement" of this issue, the Protocol provides a political "settlement."

The Protocol is aimed to eliminate the danger of war, to punish aggressors who make war and to reduce armaments. Under the Protocol no State will go to war except to resist aggression or by direction of the League of Nations, and in case of aggression, the League is to proceed, with military and economic sanctions, to punish the violating State.

Great Britain, through its Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain, has rejected the Protocol, first, because it extends the power of the League and threatens the sovereignty of individual States. If Great Britain, under the Protocol were to declare war on another nation, the League might establish an economic or political blockade, and call on other States to make war against Great Britain. Just at the point where the League wishes to be effective, Chamberlain calls it a viola-

The Piper



tion of sovereignty, and objects to it. His second objection is that the machinery of the League is already strained as much as is safe, that it might break down, not because it is weak, nor because it has the wrong idea, but because so many great States are not in the League. Another point in his statement concerns the desirability of not thinking

of another war. Finally he does not believe that the covenant, as suggested, will result in disarming the nations of the world.

The various nations are more thoroughly armed at the present time than they have been in any previous non-war period of modern history. That means that the statesmen of the world believe we are facing not a

too much about the improbable event of peace but a period of war.

Chamberlain's leading objection—that the nation is a sovereign group with absolute right to make war and peace—destroys any possibility of peace while sovereign nations persist. An imperial nation, in its foreign policy, is engaged primarily in the protection of its economic interests and in seeking foreign markets for its exportable surplus. It is therefore engaged in the business of protecting its extra-territorial property rights, first, against local disturbances, and second, protecting its national against other nationals. Two nations cannot come together unless there is some basis on which their economic groups can make an agreement. So far there is no such basis because there is no super-national power. If the French and German steel interests could be represented at a world court their differences could be adjudicated, providing the world court could enforce its decisions. As long as there can be no enforcement of decisions, obviously the decision carries with it no weight.

Chamberlain points to the fact that the world has not reduced armament. Why not? Here is a situation where France, a nation that is so poorly organized economically that it cannot even pay the cost of running its government, wants to hold a position of dominance over Germany, a nation economically strongly organized. The lack of economic equilibrium is the basis on which the stability of Europe is resting. In view of this economic situation it is easy to understand why all Europe must be armed to the teeth,

and why some new conference is called each year.

Behind this great imperial drama there is a struggle to determine which empire shall dominate the economic life of the present day. War has been testing out the relative strength of the various nations until all but three have been crippled—Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. Austria is dismembered; Russia has turned Bolshevik; Germany has become a vassal; Italy, France, and Belgium are bankrupt. The ruling class in each empire is aspiring to rule the world. Great Britain cannot afford to put up to the League of Nations what it is doing in Egypt—this is a domestic matter. The right to rob is decided at the point of 16-inch guns. Empires cannot disarm as long as they are plundering people who refuse to give up without being shot. Consequently, the world is in the midst of an economic and political cycle in the course of which all except one will be eliminated. That struggle is the dominant element in present-day imperial circles. Consequently, the Protocol was destined to be rejected when it was put up just as the League of Nations was destined to fail.

The Protocol is based on a fallacious idea—the idea that modern empires can be brought together in an essential working agreement. If it is true that conflicts arise from the character of financial imperialism, it is obviously absurd to try to adjust them by uniting political States. The solution must lie in some sort of economic organization. The Protocol contains no proposition for handling the economic problems of the world.

THE RIGHT TO VOTE

(Continued from Page 1.)

tunity for dishonest tampering by election officials and others with the Constitutional right of a citizen to vote as he sees fit and to have his vote properly counted. It seems that the exact and honest operation of a voting machine and the correct tallying of votes cast through the use of such a machine could be prevented only by interference with the construction and adjustment of the voting machine, and such interference would be a rather difficult and laborious task to undertake.

I can conceive of no honest basis for opposition to the Nicoll bill. Some of the opponents of the bill have argued that the expense of installing voting machines is one

that should not be imposed upon the State or the various municipalities. It has been argued, on the other hand, that the cost of the machines in the long run would be less than the cost of supplying annually millions of paper ballots throughout the State, which may be used only once, whereas the voting machine is a permanent fixture. Expense, however, should be a matter of secondary consideration. In a political democracy honest elections should be matters of course, but unfortunately in our State and in other parts of the country elections have from time to time been notoriously dishonest. If we can eliminate dishonesty by the installation of voting machines, we shall be perfecting and placing upon a dignified and respectable plane our method of conducting elections and assuring the citizens of our State that their Constitutional rights shall be safeguarded, regardless of their political opinions and political affiliations.

Abramowich's Last Meeting

Rafael Abramowich, representing the Russian Social Democratic Party, returns to New York this week for his final meeting before sailing for Europe. He has had excellent meetings all over the country and has spoken at each one in spite of organized attempts of Communists to turn some meetings into riots. His last meeting last week in Los Angeles was a tremendous success and the audience contributed \$700 for the relief of Socialist prisoners in Russia.

Comrade Abramowich will speak at a farewell meeting in Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. There is little doubt that this meeting will be packed to the doors.

The objection to the voting machines as expensive is, in my opinion, usually insincere. It must be apparent to you that the greater part of the opposition to this bill is a corrupt opposition, and emanates from those elements in the community who wish to preserve the present paper ballot form of voting as one which fits in easily with the commission of election frauds. There is also an opposition which comes from those who have been making and wish to con-

tinue to make large profits annually in connection with the printing of the numerous quantities of paper ballots which are required in our primary and general elections. Surely the preservation of profit-making opportunities for large printing establishments is not a consideration to which the guaranty of honest elections should be subordinated.

S. JOHN BLOCK,
State Chairman,
Socialist Party.

COURT-MARTIALED

By PAUL HANNA

One of the very last contributions written for The New Leader by the late Paul Hanna and which was recently found among some papers is the short article which follows. Considering that Comrade Abramowich speaks at a farewell meeting in Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, this story is timely.

"Comrade" Wexler is out. A court-martial created by local Communists gave Wexler the gate a few days after he made some unwise comment in public at the recent Abramowich meeting in Brownsville. On that occasion various addicts of "Leninism" denounced Abramowich with the familiar string of epithets which begins with a ladylike "Liar!" goes on to "Murderer!" and ends in a thundering "Counter-revolutionist!" Wexler should have agreed with that denunciation. Instead of agreeing, however, Wexler stood up in public and met the fundamentalist doctrine with some modernist observations. "Comrades," he said, "Abramowich is not a liar. He tells us bad things about the state of political prisoners in Russia, and says there is no freedom of the press. He denounces the Cheka. Yes, but he is not a liar. I am a Russian; I am a member of the Russian Communist party, and have just returned from Russia. So I know that Abramowich is telling the truth. He forgets to tell you, however, that the blockade, the civil war and the counter-revolution makes it necessary to put critics in prison and that freedom of the press is impossible in Russia. He does not lie, but he forgets to tell you that these things are unavoidable."

These heretical statements sounded very bad as they fell from Wexler's lips, but they looked positively frightful when they appeared next day in an anti-Bolshevik newspaper which is read by thousands of people born in Russia. When the court-martial came Wexler protested his devotion to Soviet Russia and the Communist party. "It is true I said Abramowich was not a liar," he explained, "but I declared he was wrong, for all that. I even denied my own words in a letter in Novy Mir."

"You violated orders," the judge advocate insisted. "Our orders are to stop Abramowich from speaking. These are not merely orders from the national office at Chicago. They are the orders of the Third Internationale at Moscow. You know that perfectly, yet you disregard them."

So Wexler was stripped of his party membership and turned out into the cold capitalist streets of New York. Angry astonishment overcame the "party cleaners" next day when they read in the same anti-Bolshevik paper a full account of the Wexler court-martial. Some traitor in their midst, some snake at their very bosom, had leaked to the enemy!

"Comrade" Holtman, organizer in New York of 100 per cent Leninism (Jewish Federation of the Workers' Party), was too mad for utterance. He called the Brownsville boys together immediately and launched a scientific cross-examination to ferret out the traitor who had reported the Wexler court-martial so accurately to an enemy newspaper. He was especially upset by the report that Mother Moscow herself is directing the "scooping parties" against Abramowich.

Vain attempt! And next day the same blankety-blank anti-Bolshevik newspaper printed a full account of "Comrade" Holtman's spy hunt in Brownsville! . . . Oy! . . . Borzhai Moi!

P.S.—That wretched newspaper seems to act on the theory that since every Communist gathering behind locked doors contains a couple of Department of Justice agents, there ought to be room for at least one good reporter

Lectures

The Community Forum
Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sun., April 19th—8 P. M.

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PROF. E. R. A.

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"FREE AND EQUAL"

By EDWARD LEVINSON

"LOOK at me."

From the recesses of the most luxurious divan in the club, the self-made man extended a short fat arm beyond his protruding corpulence and flicked the ashes off his cigar. Not without a considerable effort, he squirmed his ponderous weight around about a fraction of an inch in the direction of his auditor. He proceeded:

"Look at me. I went to work when I was 16. No fooling around with school for me. There's nothing better for a kid than a good stiff job where you know he is out of trouble. Nothing like work to build a kid's character."

Working children of 14 and 15 years—more than half of them—are working at jobs that accentuate their physical defects. Half the children in their tender years already lame are required by their jobs to be on their feet most of the work-day. Of every four children suffering from defects of the eyes, one is working under an eye-strain. Over half the working children with weakened hearts are toiling under nervous strain.

That is the course of character building bestowed on the working children of New York City. They are the findings of an investigation of "The Health of Working Children" just completed by the State Department of Labor.

Almost one-half of the fourteen and fifteen year-old workers included in the study were found to have some physical defect which was being aggravated and intensified by the work they were doing. There was John, who had a hernia, whose work involved the lifting and carrying of heavy bundles. And there was Annie, who, though she had an advanced case of flat foot, acted as messenger girl in a department store and was on her feet all day.

Almost half of the working children, the investigators found, entered industry because money was needed at home. Another reason given by the boys and girls questioned is an interesting commentary on the attractiveness of the public schools. "I didn't care much for the school," was the explanation received most often,

Young America

(Case One, from the report, "Health of the Working Child," issued by the New York State Department of Labor.)

Fifteen years—American born, American parents—went to work after finishing grammar school because he did not want to go to high school; two sisters working—only boy in the family; in industry eight months, holding one job.

Teeth badly decayed demanding immediate treatment—boy quite uninterested in his condition and will probably refuse to arrange for treatment—does not want to be "fussed over"; has slouching posture and is suffering from third degree flat-foot; one foot much worse than the other, probably indicating a progressive condition—should be off his feet as much as possible—strength slightly below normal.

Delivery boy, small contract tailor shop—one floor in a rear tenement house—poor standards of cleanliness—air heavy with steam of presses—noisy machines—about fifteen employees—boss foreign born, speaking very little English—boy delivers vests and trousers to merchant tailors all over the city. Bundles weigh from five to fifteen pounds—he has good deal of stair climbing. Only opportunity to sit is while riding on street cars or while at shop waiting to go on errands. Weekly hours 48—wages \$11. The job is very unsuitable for a progressive flat-foot condition because it keeps the boy on his feet too much.

next to the need for increasing the family income.

Wages, it was found, centered about \$12. Half the children worked 44 hours, while about per cent, contrary to law, worked more than 48 hours. Boys had the active, girls the sedentary jobs. One-fourth of the children employed at work that permitted them to sit down were supplied with wholly inadequate chairs, inviting a crop of physical deformities in later years.

On the health side, there does not appear to have been a single perfect child found. Almost one of every five had a visual defect, one-third had dental defects, one-eighth enlarged tonsils, 5 per cent of the girls had thyroid enlargement; 4 per cent of the children had heart affections. Overweight—due to improper feeding—is more frequent than underweight.

Approximately 10 per cent of the children, though they had been working for nine months, had not yet passed puberty. This is of significance not only because of the additional demands upon the powers of the immature child to adjust to striking mental and physical changes, but because the immature boys were found universally to have strength tests below the average.

Here are some of the exhibits of "character training" culled from the report of the investigating committee.

Case No. 5:

Fifteen years—born in this country—Italian parentage—went to work when he finished grammar school because his mother needed help—his father dead and three children were working—in industry eight months, holding one job.

Enlarged tonsils, several decayed teeth, swollen neck glands—probable connection among these three—teeth should be treated at once—coated tongue indicating digestive disturbances—low strength, slouching posture, and abnormally arm. Undeveloped arm prohibits many occupations and boy's strength and posture make a "light job" desirable.

Office boy in a downtown law firm—high class office building about 100 employees—intelligent supervision—duties of ordinary office boy keep him on his feet almost entire day. Sits only a short time on a bench while waiting to be summoned by a call bell. About half the day he does outside errands. In the evening he stays as long as there is need. Hours vary from 44 to 47—wages \$13.50. Job well suited to boy's disability but requires considerable physical energy for a boy needing a light job.

Case No. 12:

Fifteen years three months—orphan, born in this country, Russian parentage—living with aunt and uncle; left school before completing sev-

enth grade because she had to support herself—in industry six months holding one job.

Enlarged thyroid gland—vision slightly impaired both eyes; does not wear glasses, suffers from frequent headaches—slightly overweight; strength below normal—very bad posture with hollow back and prominent abdomen.

Employed, leather novelty shop—old, dilapidated building, inadequate sanitary equipment and low standards of cleanliness; about fifty employees, two-thirds men, all recent immigrants. The foreman speaks very little English—"old world atmosphere" in shop. Works at a table tying leather bracelets to display cards or slipping buckles on leather straps. Sits all day with feet curled round rungs of a stool too high for her to use and reach the ground. No opportunity for her to rest her back. Curve in spine unquestionably is being accentuated; Wages \$9 but deductions for time at no eye strain to work. Hours, 48. continuation school make pay \$8.20. Requirements of work heavy for any child and tend to emphasize rather than correct this child's physical defects.

Case No. 13:

Fifteen and one-half years—Russian parentage—finished first year high school then went to work as family needed help; father dead and mother and sisters worked irregularly—in industry six months, holding two jobs.

Teeth need attention, bad vision one eye, but does not wear glasses—first degree flat foot; should not stand much as condition is probably progressive.

Girl's first job, packed in a candy factory—left after one week—candy was sticky and work dirty. Present job—file clerk and office helper in an instalment plan retail furniture store; seven floors—standards of sanitation only fair—200 employees. About half day files order slips—work done standing and sitting on low stool. Is on feet rest of time taking messages to various departments. No rush of work. Filing involves eye strain—good artificial but not natural lighting. Hours, 48—wages \$12. Job requires too much standing for progressive flat foot condition. Eyestrain not too great if child were provided with correcting glasses.

Case No. 17:

Fifteen years old—born in England—in this country eight years—started high school but left after two months because family needed help and had been assured child could learn as much in continuation school—in industry ten months holding one job.

Needs dental treatment, has slightly slouching posture—feet calloused and extremely painful—has second degree flat foot—pain indicates condition probably progressive. Should be as feet as much as possible and not required to stand.

Employed wrapping packages in department store of some 5,000 employees. Lighting artificial but good. As much fresh air as possible in a

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crowded store. Girl stands practically the entire day wrapping packages, working usually at high speed. Can sit only during lulls in sales and then only a little stool using the wall of her cage as a back. Hours, 48 a week—wages \$11—this is an extremely bad job for a child with progressive flat feet.



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The common people do not enter into war; they are dragged into it.

J. Keir Hardie.

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CAN A MAN BE BOTH?

up their particular political views by harnessing religious prejudices to their support. But nowadays such partisans exert very little influence on the political thought of British Catholics.

This is largely due to the well-known fact that the Socialist Party in Britain does not adopt the anti-Christian course which has been pursued in many parts of the Continent.

Such education on economics as is given semi-officially to Catholics in Britain is strongly anti-capitalist. This education goes on through the Catholic Social Guild, the Catholic Young Men's Society, and the writings of the Belloc-Chesterton group. All these denounce modern industrialism because of the degradation of the individual worker. Many of them, including Belloc and Chesterton, plead for a return to small ownership of capital, and more

simple methods of production, as a means to this greater distribution of capital.

On the other hand, an influential section, which includes a number of able priests, regards this medieval policy as futile, and takes the bolder line of training Catholics so that in the change from Individualism to Collectivism Catholic moral principles are preserved.

But the great mass of British Catholics do not belong to any of these intellectual sections, and are hardly influenced by them. The Catholic population, particularly in the North, are of Irish extraction. They are in the main hewers of wood and drawers of water, and are naturally being rapidly attracted to the British Labor movement. Their social and industrial interests are identical with those of their non-Catholic fellow workers. It is merely playing with words

to differentiate between the Labor party and the British Socialist Party. The terms are synonymous, and the British press rightly uses them indiscriminately. The Constitution of the Labor party demands public ownership and democratic control of land and capital as the basis of society. That is unadulterated Socialism. And ecclesiastical condemnation of British Socialism that was not meaninglessly verbal would apply to the principles of the British Labor party. I think it is clear that British Catholics will continue to support Conservative, Liberal or Socialist parties according to their political predilection.

The Capitalist System

Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days gone by, When the poor art hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine. When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie; Peace in her vineyard—yes, but a company forges the wine.

GLENGARRY'S REVIEW

WE FEEL relieved

And fully HONORED

Since our RESPECTED people

Placed on RECORD

That they FAVOR the principle

Of CHILD exploitation

To SUCH an extent

That INFANTS must assume

The RESPONSIBILITY

OF PROVIDING food and shelter

For their PARENTS,

And babes UNDER SIX.

Now, ye who PRIZE

A NUMEROUS progeny (for

others),

Step forward and receive

The GRATITUDE of those

Who live LUXURIOSLY

On the TOIL and TEARS

Of their enfeebled children

Whom ye have FASTENED

To the WHIRRING machines

In your PROFIT dungeons.

If there be any HERE

Who THINK America is

NOT the BEST

HUMAN habitation

IN ALL the earth,

SEND THEM OUT OF IT.

But, GO WHERE they will,

EVERYWHERE ELSE they'll find

That parents HAVE TO WORK

To PROVIDE FOR their babes.

HERE, in GOD'S OWN country,

The parents can PLAY

The LIVELONG day

And the YEAR around,

ALL they NEED to do

Is to WATCH out

FOR the weekly PAY-DAY,

Be on hand to GRAB

The INFANTS' pay

And HASTEN across

To the JUMBLE-SHOP

For a FEW RAGS

And to the BAKERY

For STALE bread

To MAINTAIN a little longer

The FEEBLE life there is

In themselves and their EARNERS.

FORTUNATE is the IMP-MAN

Who can FIND a fool-woman

By whom to PRODUCE

SLAVES FOR THE MILLS

That are RUN BY INFANTS

Whose BLOOD run into

PROFITS for the MASTER

And CRUSTS and RAGS

FOR the unprincipled parents.

It will not take MUCH

To SATISFY parents

Who will SUBMIT

INFANTS to DRUDGERY—

A HOLE in the ground

A CRUST and a rag

Will SOOTHE a brain

SO POLLUTED.

DO WE SHARE in the INFAMY?

OH, keep quiet;

ARE NOT child products

CHEAPER?

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WHAT IS CAPITAL?

By FERDINAND LASSALLE

LET us take the definition of Capital which has hitherto passed muster; not, of course, that childish definition of Bastiat's that Capital is "the saved portion of a man's income," for that is manifestly too absurd and ridiculous; but the other definition that "Capital is the instrument of Labor"; or the one which is universally given by all economists, that "Capital is hoarded Labor"; or, if you like, a third, that "Capital consists of products which are continually applied to further production."

Now look at this Red Indian in the primeval forests of America, who is out hunting for his subsistence with his bow and arrow. Is this man a capitalist? Is his bow and arrow Capital? You see all the three definitions are fulfilled. The bow and arrow are unquestionably an instrument of Labor. Nobody, too, can deny that it is the result of expended labor. What is more, it is a product which is continually used for further production. Yet it would be flying in the face of common sense to call that Red Indian a capitalist! You see, therefore, that somehow or other all these definitions must be incorrect.

Or perhaps you will say—and the man who would say this would say anything—"Yes, the bow and arrow is Capital, and the Indian is consequently a capitalist." Then I can easily show you that that bow and arrow is not Capital, neither is the Red Indian a capitalist.

Character of Capital

To make this quite clear, imagine yourself for a moment out in the woods with just such a bow and arrow. The bow and arrow will serve to shoot game. It will—since it is an instrument of Labor—also help you to carry on your work of providing for your own subsistence. But if, as I am afraid would be the case, you were to get tired in struggling through the forest with your noocassins on after the game, you will find no chance to lay out your bow and arrow at interest; and that, as all the world knows, is the distinguishing characteristic of Capital. So you see that this bow and arrow, after all, is an instrument of Labor, but it is not Capital.

But assuming, under the impression that it was merely because your bow and arrow was hoarded labor in the form of bow and arrow that you could not make it do duty as capital—assuming, I say, that you wished to exchange it, and went, for this purpose, to barter with your

"Capital is the octopus which sucks up the entire surplus of the worker, leaving him only the bare necessities of existence."

—LASSALLE

original Indian. Very likely this Indian, if your bow and arrow suits him, will do a bargain with you. He will give you in exchange, say, a deer he has killed, or some furs, or, if in a gold-bearing region, he may even hand you—just think of it!—a great nugget of gold. But you have no possibility whatever of making profit out of these articles where you are. In order to make these goods productive—interest or profit bearing—you must just betake yourself to other countries where matters stand on a very different, in short, on a European footing. But mark you this: in the assumed historical conditions in which you are placed you cannot possibly do any such thing. Not only so, but now, with the things for which you have bartered away your bow and arrow—your game, your furs, your fine nugget of gold—you are a deal worse off than you were with the bow and arrow, which would at least enable you to keep yourself—if you shot straight. You can grasp now—and I advise you to hold fast to it—that there are historical conditions in which there are instruments of Labor, in which you may even barter or exchange, but in which, nevertheless, there is no capital.

No Capital in Antiquity

Following, then, upon these explanations which all readers of Socialist economy know well, we can say that, although we have here instruments of Labor, there is yet no capital because there is no division of labor, since the instruments of Labor—the means of production on a very small scale—are in the hands of the laborer himself or at his command, or, in the other words, Labor alone is itself productive. Here, then, aptly comes the statement that the independent productivity of Capital, its breeding, as Shylock says, its profit-making apart from Labor, is possible only under a system of division of labor, and is the consequence of that division of labor.

Now let us take a look at the condition of civilized antiquity. Here we already have a certain amount of division of labor and greater wealth, however small it may be in comparison with ours of today. But you can see, in this case, that the ancient owner of property was the combined possessor of landed property, slaves, and all the products of Labor, as well as all the instruments of Labor. Is this man a capitalist any more than the Red Indian? Not at all. If you take a Shah of Persia in olden times, to whom belonged the country over which he ruled to

the full extent of his will together with all the wealth and people in it, would you say that this man was "a great capitalist?" Most assuredly not.

Slave and Feudal Economy

Just the same with the ancient owners of property. The person to whom belong, as of lawful possession, not only the instruments of Labor, but the very laborer himself, cannot be a capitalist. His share of the result of the social production comes to him, not because the instruments of Labor belong to him, but because the laborer himself belongs to him. The slave, by whose agency he allows the labor to be done, is only another sort of tool for him, and the tool only another kind of slave. This absence of separation and distinction has for its result that we have here masters, but not capitalists; articles of value and wealth, but not capital. You can trace this farther if you bear in mind the determining characteristics of the ancient economy.

Glance at another period of culture. Contemplate the owner of the soil in the Middle Ages, the noble seigneur with his castles and halls, serfs and subjects, villages and towns. Was this man a capitalist?

Do not entertain the common, crude notion that in those days people lived on the produce of the fields alone. Production was then well developed, comfort was great, the means of enjoyment were numerous, varied and refined. Ulrich of Lichtenstein in the 13th century, describing a reception by his wife, says she was clothed in a garment of silk and gold trimmed with ermine; eight women waited on her, all well clothed; her bedroom had a hundred lights, the mattress was covered with velvet and the sheets were of silk. Ulrich, in describing a lady's wardrobe, counts up twelve dresses, ten caps adorned with pearls, three mantles of white velvet, and a saddle white with silver. The lady had twelve pages all clothed in white, and her horses were covered with cloths of velvet. Was, however, the owner of all these fine things—the lord of the Middle Ages a capitalist? By no means, and I will prove this as clearly of the Middle Ages as I did of ancient times.

Age of Feudal Bondage

In the Middle Ages slavery did not exist, and the serfdom which took its place gradually softened down to a system of personal bondage, running through many degrees and stages, until it became a patchwork of services. This gave the Middle Ages their special feature.

The actual living man was no longer regarded as private property, but particular acts to be performed by him were so regarded. It was a system of particular services to be rendered, a system of rights due to one man from another man, and these rights included the performance of particular acts of slavery of particular products. This is distinctive of the Middle Ages.

The feudal lord could consume, or keep for future consumption, all the means of enjoyment which the age placed at his command, but he could not employ them in such a way that they increased; his position rested upon value in use, or, what is the same thing, upon services, and had nothing to do with exchange value or money. It is true that he drew interest from part of his wealth, but this was devoted to procure those luxuries which were not purchased in his own country. Even if he had superfluous money and interest he could not capitalize and increase them by employing them in the production carried on in his own country; for everything was so neatly and regularly arranged, so stable and immovable, in this system of services; where labor, duties and burdens were so accurately defined that there was no possibility of change.

Some Historical Comparisons

Let us contrast the commencement of this historical analysis with the end. In the primitive state of individual, isolated labor with which we commenced, the instrument or tool—the bow and arrow of the Indian—was in the hands of the worker, and thus work alone was productive. Under the system of division of labor, work and production became social, although the distribution of the result of the work remained individualistic; and through division of labor, the system of exchange values and free competition, this result is rapidly brought about, viz.: the separation of the instruments or tools from the worker becomes complete, the productivity of Labor is appropriated by the holders of the tools, and the reward of the worker is reduced to that which will keep him alive whilst he works.

Formerly Labor was productive; now the instrument is alone productive. The instrument of production which has been snatched from the worker, which has changed parts with the worker, is Capital; the worker has become the dead, unproductive instrument, while the instrument now alone is productive.

Division of labor is the source of all fortunes. The only economical

law which forms a parallel with a law of nature is that production can only become more productive and cheaper by division of labor. The law is, so to say, a social law of Nature. A handful of individuals have appropriated this social law of Nature, and used it for their individual benefit; the masses are bound with the chains of the ever increasing products of industry and virtually receive in return for their labor no more than the Indian did under favorable circumstances before civilization commenced. Just as well might these individuals appropriate the force of gravity, the power of steam, and the warmth of the sun. They feed the people, as they oil their machines, to keep them in good working order, and the food of the people is only an item in the cost of production.

Labor Paid and Not Paid

We have learned from the great English economists that the consumer pays for the work of man, and not for the forces of Nature, but we have also learned that this payment for the work of man reaches the wrong quarter; the work of man is paid for, but the worker is not paid, and has to be content with the necessary means of existence, that being all that Capital will allow him. Capital has not appropriated the sun, but it has possessed itself of the division of labor and its constantly increasing productivity. After all, the sun was made by no man, and is the property of no man; but Capital is grasping the advantages of the social law of Nature, constantly appropriating the produce of the labor of others, and has turned the power of work into private property. Thus a social state of property has arisen in which each calls that "his" which is not the product of his labor.

Fictions of Bourgeois Economy

But the profit of Capital is the reward of abstinence. Truly a happy phrase! European millionaires are ascetics; Indian penitents, modern St. Simons Stylites, who, perched on their columns, with withered features and arms and body thrust forward, hold out a plate to the passers-by that they may receive the wages of their privations! In the midst of this sacro-saint group, high above its fellow-mortifiers of the flesh, supreme ascetic and martyr, stands the Holy House of Rothschild. That is the real truth of our present society! How could I have hitherto blundered on this point as I have?

What debauched rascals, what impure rakes, the workers must be, since they manifestly receive no re-

ward of abstinence. Doubtless the truth is that these are they, not the others, who secretly keep mistresses, and own villas and country houses where they indulge in frightful orgies.

But, joking apart—for it is no longer possible to jest about this, and the bitterest irony involuntary breaks into open revolt—it is time, it is high time, to drown the squeaking pipe of these eunuchs by the deep voice of a fully-developed man. Is it possible, when the profit of Capital is due to what we have seen, when Capital is the octopus which sucks up the entire surplus of the toil and sweat of the worker, leaving him only what are the bare necessities of existence—is it possible that anyone can still have the courage to speak, in the presence of the workers of the profit on Capital as the reward of the abstinence of capitalists who mortify themselves? Yes, there are those who still have the hardihood to flout the workers, to insult these luckless proletarians, with these jeers, with these monstrous sarcasms. Has conscience, then, died out from among us? Has shame taken refuge with the brutes?

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A SOCIALIST CONGREGATION

By AUGUST CLAESSENS

A Unique Series of Sunday Meetings Where Socialism is the Gospel—the Congregation and its Pastor

A SUNDAY or two ago I was invited to address a Brooklyn congregation. The pastor asked me to say a few words to his flock. I had difficulty in finding words for my address, for my emotions overwhelmed me. Although I had often heard about the work of this pastor and his devoted congregation this was the first opportunity I had of meeting and hearing them. The thrill they gave me still vibrates through my nerves whenever my mind feasts on that occasion.

The congregation meets every Sunday morning during the winter months at the Amalgamated Temple in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. At eleven o'clock the hall is filled with several hundred people. Generally, a few minutes after the hour there is only standing room for the late comers. The pastor is usually prompt in his appearance and without any flourish immediately begins his sermon.

Some comrades may quarrel with me for the use of the terms, "Pastor," "Sermons" and "Congregation," but I am not facetious. If they once get the spirit of this wonderful institution as I got it they

will see how inadequate and unresponsive are their terms, "Forum" and "Lecture." This "Forum" is as unlike and above the average forum as the Rockies are to their foothills. The devotion, spirit, appreciation and behavior of the crowd that gathers there every Sunday forenoon can be described only by the word, "Congregation" in its noblest sense.

The "Pastor" is none other than our eloquent and beloved Comrade, B. Charney Vladeck. His services are uncompensated, financially speaking. The expenses of the institution are voluntarily met. The congregation voted a ten-cent admission fee, but the management found that only half that sum was required. And it should be known by our non-Jewish comrades that the "Pastor" (what an ideal pastor!) gives his Sunday mornings freely to this work. His other time is consumed in his mighty labors as business manager of the greatest Socialist daily on this side of the Atlantic, the Jewish Daily Forward.

The Congregation Enthralled
A little more about the "Pastor." The vehicle of his expression is the Yiddish tongue. But that may convey no true impression unless you understand that the Yiddish that flows from the lips of Vladeck is as liquid and as entrancing as the English off the tongue of Debs. All the eloquence of a language, all the delights of rhetoric and the music of words, all the folk lore, legends, humor, pathos and poetry that culture, learning and feeling can conjure flow with infinite grace, charm and conviction from the personality of Vladeck. The congregation sits enthralled. Like greedy beggars they come for more. They have now been feasting so every winter's Sunday morning for the last six years, and were it physically possible they would crowd this temple for six hundred more. And then some!

The sermon is not theological or dogmatic. Yet it is religious in the highest secular sense. Its tone is on the lofty plane of human brotherhood and its message transmutates the travail of all mankind into the gold of hope, love and inspiration.

Sometimes the theme is some new play or a book. More often it is a review of current events, the various happenings in the political, economic and social affairs of the world abroad and in our country, State and city. Although the language used is Yiddish and the audience exclusively so, the racial interests, problems and sufferings of the Jewish people are treated only as one incident in the maelstrom of the struggles and strivings of all mankind in the quest for a saner, cleaner and more humane civilization the world over. The philosophy and idealism of Socialism eddies through every topic of human interest and in these "sermons" of Vladeck an impassioned cry rises out of a sphere of exploitation, injustice and sordidness. Like the ancient prophets of his race, he raises his voice against the iniquities of his age and pleads for brotherhood, understanding and peace.

Pastor "Best" Attraction

In the early years of this "Forum" the occasional visits of prominent actors and artists of the Jewish stage was an added attraction. They were instrumental in drawing the crowd, but their generous contributions are needed but seldom now. In fact, there is no better attraction now than the "Pastor" himself. Occasionally an artist is still presented, but he or she is yet far from stardom. It is generally some precocious child or probably an unpolished genius whom the "Pastor" has found in some poor worker's home, and the youngster is given an opportunity to display his talents before a huge, appreciative and sympathetic audience.

Nowadays, the congregation has still another outlet for its emotions and this affected me most. Comrade Vladeck has taught—or perhaps I should say—encouraged and inspired them to sing. To hear them at it is worth a pilgrimage to Brooklyn any winter's Sunday morning. The "Pastor" has collected and has had printed in a neat little hymn book a choice collection of Jewish folk songs and revolutionary hymns. The tunes are merry, gay, sad, serious, lofty

or challenging, as befits their texts. The poems they interpret and move into fervor are often heart cries wrung from the pathos and agonies of a persecuted race, the dreams of Jewish genius, the flaming passions of the rebel; or they are just gems of wit, humor and laughter garnered by a genial folk. To rescue these jewels from a rapidly disappearing age and environment and to enshrine them in the bosoms of later generations is indeed a noble task. The passing on of the lore, song and beauty of other days; the preserving of what is really worth while of bygone civilizations, has enriched our human culture with priceless treasures that shame the dross of every age.

Is There Only One Pastor?

Just a word more. The congregation sings spontaneously. (You see why I speak of them as a congregation—they are so vastly different from the usual "Forum" crowd.) A song leader sits at the piano, a hymn number is announced, the congregation open their booklets to the mentioned page, and without any urging the melody rings forth. Over to the left a grey bearded toiler rises—unbidden and unencouraged—and huskily sings a verse, and the audience join in the refrain. Then down the centre of the hall a young man rises, and in a clear voice sings another verse; this is followed by a girl in the front row, and again another old veteran takes the lead, or the "Pastor" rises and sings one, followed by a woman from the rear of the hall, and always the crowd in unison echoes the refrain. The beauty of these folk tunes sung so naturally and so feelingly by these later generations of the folk that gave them birth is a thing of indescribable loveliness.

As I left the hall with the "Pastor" he wished to impress upon me that he believed some of our speakers could easily duplicate this work of his in other parts of our city. I nursed this plea in my mind. I was thinking, and I am still thinking, is it really possible? I wonder! Or must we reconcile ourselves to the sorry fact that there was but one Bob Ingersoll, one Hugh Pentecost, and there is but one Gene Debs, one John Haynes Holmes, and one Charney Vladeck, and the rest of us but feeble echoes, or, what is more pleasant, admirers and lovers?

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:-: A PAGE OF EXCLUSIVE FEATURES :-:

Bedtime Stories for the Bourgeoisie

WE are frank to confess that we derived huge satisfaction last Saturday in watching the baseball team of Columbia University (an institution whose halls we once adorned back in the dark ages of 1909) trim the lights and livers out of New York University, that near-bear education-factory with its appalling output of slick bond salesmen, gyp lawyers and clever ad writers.

The affair was particularly enjoyable due to the presence next to us of an offensive young man who kept shouting, during the two innings in which N. Y. U. was ahead; "Ah, them Columbias is a bunch of bolognics."

Sollicitous friends of ours—and, gosh, how many we have got!—want us to go and be psyched to find out why, among other failings, we should be suffering from what they call a "collegian complex."

They point out that we are all grown up now, that we haven't attended a college class for more than fifteen years and that the success or failure of Columbia athletic teams actually means nothing in our lives.

In this complex of ours they find further evidence of our essential superficiality, our refusal to face stark reality, our attempts to escape the fundamentals.

With heads hung low, we admit this hard impeachment. We know of few sights better calculated to stir us than that of Mr. Koppisch of Columbia sprinting to a touchdown. And we have a deep admiration for the subtle manner with which Mr. Van Brocklin pitches his slow ball.

May we point out that the cause of Columbia athletics is one that should appeal to all true underdog fanatics? If there was ever an exploited and oppressed people they are the brave men and true who yearly do battle for Columbia on track and gridiron and diamond. "They went forth to battle but they always fell," might have been written of the majority of Columbia teams of the past. Always excepting N. Y. U. and others of that ilk, defeat has been the major diet of Columbia's training tables.

And besides the appeal to our sympathies there is the economic phase which surely should interest our Fundamentalist friends.

Year after year, various portions of the family heritage vanish in the wake of fresh Columbia defeats. Hope, triumphing over experience, is always whispering, "This time you may win," and pretty near every time there's no hope in hope.

It is true that for Columbia as an educational center we have no high regard. We emerged from exposure to it with little but a taste for dark beer and tripe, three or four pre-Raphaelite poets and bat-winged neckties. It took us the present moment to discover that most of what had been "old us" was wrong and that we had not been told most. Nicholas Murray Butler is one of our pet aversions and we abhor the verse of John Erskine.

Nevertheless, of a Saturday you are likely to find us up on South Field lending our magnificent basso to the chorus of,

"Roar, lion, roar;
Wake the echoes of the Hudson Valley."

So let the Fundamentalists fundament, let our earnest brethren make snoots at stark reality and sit around shifting the economic bases of society and write pieces about the ideals of the miners' pit-committees and what crooks are in every other movement; for our part we are proud to sneak away one afternoon a week and holler, "Yale luck" when an Eli makes a home run off our pitcher.

But to take up the really serious aspects of life in a power-driven civilization, what do you know about that baboon or chimpanzee or whatever, getting loose in the Central Park Zoo the other day?

Didn't you get a kick out of the picture of a creature no larger than a ten-year-old boy busting loose and scaring the wits—if any—out of a pack of full-grown men and women?

Here was stuff for Eugene O'Neill; the Hairy Ape in person.

Into a monkey-house, jaws a-waggle over Mr. Wrigley's latest, eyes popped, foreheads damp with sweat, march the Lords of Creation with copies of The Daily News and Mr. Macfadden's latest Confession magazine in their pockets to peer and leer and make loud comment on a poor little baboon pent up in a cage.

"Mannie, 'magine thinking we're descended from nasty old things like that!" "Oh, George, he looks almost human!" "Ain't it comical, the way he swings by his tail!"

And then, of a sudden, blowie! There's a rending of bars, a defiant shriek of rage and the Lords and Ladies of Creation are falling over one another in their haste to get out of the presence of a hairy thing, chattering with rage and swinging long arms in unworried freedom.

Of course, they had to get the cops out and shoot the animal.

That is the inevitable finis to the biography of every individual rebel.

They have had the cops out to shoot bar-busters from the days of Athens to those of Central Park.

Just the same, if we had our choice, we could easier spare some flat-foot cops than have such a flaming spirit as was loose for a few glorious moments the other day go down before a drab bullet.

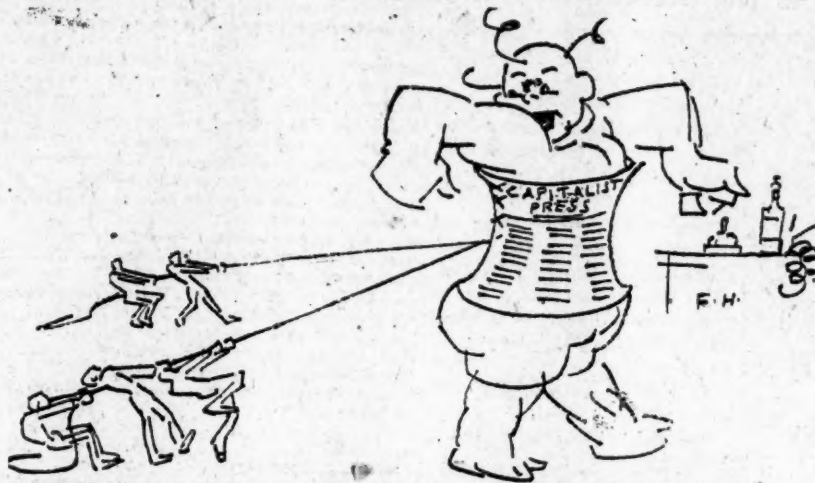
Better baboons than Babbitts.

And speaking of Babbitts, before we close, we want again to sing the praise of Sinclair Lewis's new book, "Arrowsmith."

The truth of its central theme was brought forcibly to our attention during an interview with an engineer just yesterday. Arrowsmith is a man of pure science, a researcher who is never left alone by the quacks and go-getters of his profession who want quick results and flashy action. Our engineer who hasn't read a novel for the past ten years was bemoaning the fact that no one would give him either time or money enough to make some experiments on the heating value of coal that might save us all millions of dollars. Thus does Nature copy art.

McAlister Coleman.

BEHIND THE SCENES



"Big Business," the Vamp, making up for Her New Movie, "Within the Law."

Butte, Clark's Neglected Orphan

"THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW"

By HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

LAST week the will of William Andrews Clark, sometime United States Senator from Montana, was probated. The modern Croesus left a small sum to the mountain State for educational purposes. His art treasures he bequeathed to New York, but if the Metropolitan Museum does not accept the conditions of the bequest, his collections are to go to the national capital. In disposing of his things of beauty the Copper King quite forgot Butte, the shabby orphan from whom he wrenched all his earthly wealth.

Have you ever been in Butte, that dingy town of some 50,000 souls? If not, you have missed seeing and feeling the most striking realization of the ruthlessness of modern business life—all are sacrificed to the getting of profits by the few. The hideousness of Butte will never be blotted from my memory. Would that its ugliness could have been ameliorated by an art treasure or two!

It was back in 1916 that I first visited the mining centre in the high altitudes of Montana. The air was clear as crystal, exhilarating. Any one longing for champagne need only go to this region of the Rockies and get the effect of a safe intoxicant. But I would not recommend for the experiment Butte itself, for as one approaches the kingdom of the Copper King not only the mental atmosphere grows thick, but the very earth auras poisonous. Whirl as it may, mother-earth can't shake off at Butte the fumes of copper!

As I drew mile by mile nearer the mining town on that memor-

able journey in the spring of 1916, I noticed that even the tough bunch grass so characteristic of Montana was becoming sparser and browner, and at last there was the town off in the distance, robbed of all vegetation, a collection of shabby wooden houses pressed together, growing like warts on the vast heaps of mine tailings. The shacks seemed to huddle together to make room for the expansive needs of business. The tailings flow around and over the rabbit warrens where the human being live. There's not much home life in Butte, you know. The place doesn't draw women, except of a sort. There's one woman to every sixteen men, so the family cook stove is at a discount. But the "Pen" is a great feature of the life of the town. Prostitution is run on the principle laid down by Clemenceau when he was asked by some well-meaning ladies to save the American army from the courtesans of Paris—"prostitution is an ancient, honorable profession, I cannot interfere with its prescriptive rights."

The laws of Montana are not based on the philosophy of the former French Premier, but the deeds of Butte are. The "Pen" is in the middle of the town. It's like a great circus. In the arena the clients walk inquiringly. Galleries of booths or cubicles rise one tier above another. At the doors sit the daughters of Eve displaying their charms, and Adam pays in copper's wages and makes choice. The "Pen" is illegal, but the "Pen" exists, and the women, if you question them, believe the doctrines of Clemenceau. Butte is drab, its

recreations are the "Pen" and gambling. It still did not have when I was last there a public library, or a reading-room, recreation centre, athletic field. Possibility for joyous leisure there was none. Think what Clark might have done for Butte, that ugly mountain town, the source of all his wealth!

There's not a tree in Butte, not a blade of grass. I must modify that. I saw a small patch as big as the office of The New Leader in front of the house of one of the copper magnates. The house was closed, usually closed, I was told. Indeed, who would live in Butte, if he could go elsewhere. None but a king could afford that grass, for the soil had to be brought from miles away where the earth was sweet, and then the lawn tended like a sick baby. The grass may have been started by Marcus Daly, I've forgotten who the Croesus was who could grow grass in Butte. Marcus Daly, you know, was the protagonist of Clark in the copper drama. He was the one who brought charges against the Senator in his first election in 1899, the end of which was that the Senate refused Clark a seat in its august chamber.

I saw Butte last under a blazing sun. The tailings stood out, of every color, mountain high. The waste glowed in the sun, one could scarce see the dull grey huts. I picked out easily the roof of the "Pen." Not a single beautiful building dominated the mountain of waste. Money-getting counted for all, humanity for nothing. How could the Copper King forget the dire need of his rightful heir?

:-: MRS. OGI EMERGES :-:

WE NOW assume as demonstrated the following propositions. First:

The artist is a social product, his psychology and that of his art works being determined by the economic forces prevailing in his time.

And second: The established artist of any period is a man in sympathy with the ruling classes of that period, and voicing their interests and ideals.

If this be true, the next step to the understanding of art, and the history of art periods past and present, is to understand, the economic forces controlling mankind; the evolution and struggle of classes.

We get that far, when the argument is broken in upon by the particular Mrs. Ogi who inhabits the cave where this manuscript is produced. Says Mrs. Ogi: "In other words, you are going to give them your Socialist lecture."

Says Mrs. Ogi's husband: "But—" Says Mrs. Ogi, who finishes her husband's sentences, as well as his manuscripts: "You promised me to write one book without propaganda!"

"But—" once more—"this is a book to prove that all books are propaganda! And can I conduct a propaganda for propaganda that isn't propaganda?"

"That depends," says Mr. Ogi, "upon how stupid you are."

She goes on to maintain that the purpose of all propaganda is to put itself across; the essence of it being a new camouflage, which keeps the reader from knowing what he is getting. "If you imagine that people who take up a discussion of art standards are going to read a discourse on the history of social revolutions, I call you silly, and you aren't going to alter my opinion by calling me Mrs. Ogi."

"My dear," says the husband, in haste, "all that is not to be taken literally. Mrs. Ogi is the wife of the artist in general; she is the human tie that binds him to the group, and forces him to conform to group conventions."

"I know—like all men, you want

Mammonart—Chap VII.

By UPTON SINCLAIR

to have it both ways. 'Everybody will assume—'

"I won't let them assume! It shall be explicitly stated that you are not Mrs. Ogi."

"Let it be explicitly stated that there has never been any hand-embroidered table-linen in this cave—never any sort of table-linen but paper napkins since I've been in it!"

"My dear," says Ogi, patiently, "you were the one who first pointed out to me the significance of hand-

embroidered table-linen in the history of art. You remember that time when we went to the dinner-party at Mrs. Healy Seller's—"

"Yes, I remember; and what you ought to do is to put that dinner-party into your book. Entitle your next chapter 'The Influence of Lingerie on Literature,' or 'The Soul of Man Under Silk Hosiery.'"

"That's not bad," says Ogi, "I'll use it later. Meantime, I'll do my best to live up to the argument as you request." And so he retires and cudgels his brain, and comes back with a new chapter—bearing, not the dignified title of "The Evolution of Social Classes," as he had planned, but instead, a device to catch the fancy of the idle and frivolous—

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Viscounts and Discounts

HERE is sad news for those of my fellow inmates of this great democracy who aspire to link their names with the blue blood of Europe. Recently one of our animated cloth racks, popularly known as a movie queen, swapped her three expressions and bank roll for a French marquis. Now along comes the French press and says the marquis, count, duke and prince business is pure swindle, as the revolution of 1789 abolished all titles and that since then any Frenchman can pick up a title out of the junkpile and strut around in it without getting pinched for obtaining American fortunes under false pretenses.

Well, somebody is always taking the joy out of life. This country is all right, so far as it goes. It is the richest country on earth, and the greatest country on earth, and the most democratic country on earth, and we are the most intelligent people on earth, and we have the grandest government on earth and all that—but what are all these things compared to the grandeur, luster, and magnificence connected with an English lord, German graf, or French marquis?

Money is nothing in itself. To get the real value out of the stuff, it must be spent in such manner that it will arouse the envy of our fellow men. Now, suppose that I had an income of a million smackers per annum, how could I arouse the envy of my townsmen in this burg of Springfield? I could go to the movies, of course—and find myself next to a powder-marked coal-digger who digs me in the ribs every time he catches the joke. Or, I could motor down to Carlisle in my Packard and be crowded into the ditch by a second-hand Ford, navigated by a soused peasant. Or I could invest a swell radio and listen to Chicago jazz, chautauqua kultur, and Cal's speeches improved by statics. Oh yes, there are lots of things a fellow could do in this burg with a million dollars per annum, but there would be no joy in doing them because the knowledge that "everybody is doing it" would take all the spice out of the performance.

No, sirree, Bob, you couldn't catch me in God's country if I had a million dollars to blow in every year. I'd do exactly what all "better and best class" Americans are doing, I would buy me a second-hand castle on the Rhine, have it refurnished with bathtubs and sanitary plumbing and then change my name from Adam Coal-digger to Otto Ottokar Graf von Schwillenstein Saufenheim bei Donnerwetter.

Or, I would buy a mortgage on a chateau in Burgundy and make the Marquis, Viscount, Discount, or No-Count marry my daughter or find himself panhandling free lunches on Fifth Avenue. Then I would lay in a stock of picture postcards showing myself in front of the castle with the Discount on one side, and the Discountess on the other and a herd of bouquet-slinging peasants in the background. Then I would send the cards to my former neighbors, relatives, and friends back home, and make them ooze emerald green envy out of very pore in their hides. On top of that, I would write letters to the home papers interspersed with casual remarks like, "had luncheon with Lord Rassberry, bully chappy," "motored from Biarrez to Beanyburg with Chevalier Arman D'Busted a La Mode," "took in Rome with Baron and Baroness Hard-upsky and Grand Duke Ivanitch Whichiswich," "saw El Troupadore in La Scala in box with Borro D'Lastcappirino," "Just ran over to dear old Geneva, the wine is excellent; don't you wish you were here with me, ha-ha," and so on until the green-eyed monster had devoured my last acquaintance back in the States.

Oh, you roughnecks don't have to think I'm fooling. This is exactly what takes thousands of our American snobocrats to Europe. Their money is no good unless they can spend it in a way that makes other folks feel like pikers. To people of this kind the purpose of life is to put on dog, which means to outspend the other fellow. And, as I said before, America is a good place to make money, but a devil of a place in which to spend it in great style. And that is the reason why our most successful money-makers turn their backs on God's country just as soon as their pile is made. The Goulds, Vanderbilts and Astors are all intermarried with the European nobility and so are tens of thousands of the smaller fry of Dollars. The "Hunks," "Dagoes," "Dutch," "Wops," and "Johnny Bulls" who are doing the dirty work over here may think they escaped from the blooded aristocracy of their home lands. But they are only fooling themselves. From every ton of coal or ore they drag out of the mine, from every pig they stick in Packingtown, from every piece of soap they make, from every car pulled over Eads bridge, a generous portion finds its way into the fund for the rehabilitation of the devastated nobility of the old world. Indeed, it can be safely said that if it were not for the American dollars which our home-brewed aristocrats are constantly investing in nobility, that species would have become extinct long ago.

I don't know what effect the expose of the French press will have on the duke, lord, count, viscount and discount market. If the price of these commodities should fall to the point where even stenographer and salesladies can afford noblemen that can't be told from the real articles, our aristocracy will have to find new ways of blowing our money. Of course, I don't worry so much about these folks. But what is to become of that raft of genuine and synthetic nobles when the bottom drops out of the market? In former days, they could have some cover here and made an honest living as barkeepers, but now this industry is shut down for keeps. First things we know these fellows may get desperate and try to get jobs digging coal, and, goodness knows, we have too many miners now.

Adam Coal-digger.

PROGRESS

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone.
Not God's and not the beast's: God is, they are;
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.
—Browning, "A Death in the Desert."

The agitators, from Christ downwards, have been the salt of the earth. It is only such as they who save society from dry rot and putrefaction.—Robert Blatchford.

SUICIDAL CAPITALISM K. K. K. DECLINING?

MORE laws are enacted and more decisions which have the binding force of law are rendered, vastly more, in the United States than in any other nation on earth.

It has become a positive mania with the ruling class.

The average Congress and State Legislature consist mainly of and are dominated wholly by lawyers, many of them of the shyster breed.

Their principal business is to enact laws that no one understands; laws that fetter the people, deprive them of their liberty, and complicate their daily affairs, in all of which the lawyers thrive and out of which they multiply and swarm in increasing numbers.

There is a historic reason for the pitiful plight of this law-bound republic. From the very beginning, in its earliest colonial history, the precedent was established to forbid everything by law, to regulate everything by law, and to punish everybody by law, so as to insure the freedom of the people to bow to the law, to be tied hand and foot by the law, to be gagged and muzzled by the law, and thus fulfill the duties of freemen in the great American republic.

We learn from history that the magistrates in the colonies established by the Puritans "regulated the styles and cost of female clothing." We have it, moreover, that "The Puritan Elders who believed that everything could and should be controlled by law, even attempted, until far into the eighteenth century, to decide just how women should array themselves. Both in Virginia and New England such rules were early given a trial. Thus, in old court records, one runs across such statements as the following: "September 27, 1633, the wife of Nicholas Maye, of Newbury, Connecticut, was presented for wearing silk coat and scarf, but cleared, proving her husband was worth more than two hundred pounds."

Gentry Who Founded the Republic
"In 1651 the Massachusetts court expressed 'its utter detestation that men and women of mean condition, education and calling should take upon them the garb of gentlemen by wearing of gold or silver lace or buttons or points at their knees, or walke in great boots, or women of the same ranke to wear silke or tiffany hoods or scarfs.'"

And these are the gentry who laid the foundations of the great republic and who breathed the breath of liberty into its institutions.

They were driven out of England because they believed in freedom, in worshipping God, as they declared, according to the dictates of their own conscience, and the very hour they landed and planted their puritanic banner on the soil of the new world in the name of liberty they began to persecute others for attempting to exercise the right they claimed for themselves; they began to cheat and swindle the Indians in the name of their religion, and through their

By EUGENE V. DEBS

vicious and damnable blue laws to make a hypocrite and liar of every citizen, and to convert the new nation into a model penitentiary.

Flint-Faced Elders

The glorification of the Puritans in history has been based upon falsification of their character and their performances.

It can readily be seen what sycophants they were in discriminating against the poor and in catering to the rich. The poor woman who dared dress decently was arrested and made to give an account of herself, but the bell-hats of the flint-faced elders promptly touched the dust in the presence of the lady who had the coin.

From that time to this the spirit of Puritanism has been controlling influence in public affairs and it has uniformly made itself felt in face of despotic regulation as if the people were wards, and against the exercise of the liberty which has been their boast and of which they enjoy actually less than any other modern civilized nation.

The outrageous gagging of Michael Karolyi, the Hungarian liberator, by our Puritanic State Department is a case in point. No other Government on earth would have been guilty of such cowardice and infamy. Every decent American ought to blush for it.

The colossal farce of prohibition and the notorious fact that its chief agents and promoters are also the leading bootleggers is another case to make angels weep.

In all of this tangled and complicated developments we see capitalism sipping and rotting for its own inevitable doom. It is strangling itself in its own blind and impotent attempt to perpetuate its foul, sordid, liberty-stifling and soul-destroying misrule.

Flint-faced Puritanic despotism is steadily generating the forces that will sweep it from earth and clear the way for the real freedom and happiness of the human race in the triumph of Socialism throughout the world.

A STRIKING decrease in the power of the Ku Klux Klan is reported by the American League of Correspondents in Klan territories. In a report issued this week, based on the territory to a proposal for holding meetings in behalf of tolerance in Klan strongholds.

According to most of the correspondents the Klan is dying out owing to "factional disputes within the organization, failure of members to pay their dues and lack of interest in its objects." The Klan has been further crippled by political failures, "unmasking" legislation and "the general apathy on the part of the public." Practically all the correspondents advised against holding the proposed meetings on the ground that they would strengthen the Klan through opposition and publicity "on which it thrives."

"The growth of antagonistic factions in the Klan is common knowledge out here," writes a correspondent from Indiana. "Many of the members have become discouraged and have quit paying dues."

Another correspondent in Oklahoma writes that "the Klan is dying

and if left severely alone will be completely dead within another year or two." The Oklahoma correspondent informs the Civil Liberties Union that "the Klan's State paper, which had a large circulation, has been suspended and thousands who joined the organization are either publicly withdrawing or are refusing to pay further dues."

Similar reports have come from

Rand School Notes

On Saturday, April 18, at 1:30 p. m., Scott Nearing will discuss "The Temper of the Far West" in his Current Events lecture.

On Tuesday, April 21, at 8:30 p. m., Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg will lecture on "Guiding the Child's Leisure" at the Rand School.

On Thursday, April 23, at 8:30 p. m., Dr. Margaret Daniels will lecture on "The Elements of Psychology," while on Friday, April 24, at 8:30 p. m., Dr. Morris H. Kahn will give the last lecture in his course on "Heredity and Eugenics."

Arkansas, Georgia and Texas. In the latter State, "the Legislature that has just adjourned passed an anti-masking law that virtually puts the Klan out of business." The Texas correspondent also declares that "one of the Klan leaders, Billie Mayfield, who published a daily Klan paper that boasted of 200,000 circulation, and that one time got out an issue of 1,000,000 copies, has just been sentenced to prison for two years for slandering through his paper T. W. Davidson, one of the candidates for Governor. His paper suspended some time ago for want of patronage."

Correspondents from West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York report that "the Klan is on the wane."

The Klan is reported to be still strong in Alabama, Colorado, and in parts of several middle-western States. The conclusions expressed are summarized by the Civil Liberties Union in saying:

"The peak of Klan membership and activity appears to be reached the second year of its invasion of any section, and after that it declines rapidly. Local political, racial or religious issues have kept the Klan going strong in a few centers, but these are all exceptions to the general rule of decline and decay after the second year."

The Civil Liberties Union, as a result of the opinions received, has decided not to arrange the proposed meetings in Klan territory.

IN "BARBAROUS MEXICO"

By ELIZABETH GOLDSTEIN

MEXICO just missed by a hair's-breadth one of the most interesting and unusual sights of its usually hectic career.

For several days an expectant public was waiting, looking forward to the moment when the red and black flag (the flag of the Mexican Federation of Labor) would be fluttering in the breeze, over nothing less than a bank, El Credito Espanol.

It all happened because this particular bank chose to discharge one of its employees, Enrique Jimenez, who, besides being a bookkeeper at the bank, was also delegate from his union to that particular shop, and who was ever active in recruiting new members for the Union.

Now banks as a rule, whether in Mexico or anywhere else, are not much in love with unions. They find the idea of their employees being union members somewhat repugnant. So an excuse had to be manufactured for ridding the institution of this pernicious person, Jimenez. And the excuse was "incompetency." But the workings in such a procedure in Mexico are somewhat different from what they are, say, in the United States.

Things Are Different
Suppose an ordinary bank clerk is discharged from a bank in the States. Well, what can the poor mortal do, except stay discharged? But in Mexico things are done a little bit differently.

First, the Mexican Constitution provides that any employer discharging an employee, unless for justifiable reasons, must pay the discharged person three months' salary or wages; providing, however, that the employee is willing to accept this money in lieu of his job. If

The Bank Clerks Learn the Power of Industrial Power Coupled With a Political Labor Party

he is not, then the trouble begins. And Jimenez was not willing.

Ordinarily, when an employee refuses to be discharged, even though three months' wages are guaranteed him, with the union of which he is a member supporting him in his determination to hold on to his job and the firm in which he is employed determined not to retain him, the matter must, under the Mexican Constitution, be submitted to a Board of Arbitration and Conciliation for consideration and decision. The Board of Arbitration and Conciliation has full power to determine the justice or lack of it, of the particular quarrel, and its decisions are final and binding.

Tried To Buy Him
So eager was the bank to rid themselves of this pernicious union organizer that they even offered to pay him five months' salary instead of the required three, if only he would stay away.

But Jimenez was obdurate. The bank was equally obdurate. So the Commercial Employees' Union, of which the bank clerks are a branch, decided to call a strike. The Board of Arbitration and Conciliation decided that they were right and that the strike was justifiable.

The bank, however, denied the right of the Board to intervene in the matter and refused to abide by the decision of the Board that Jimenez be reinstated in his position.

For the benefit of those who are not yet acquainted with the technique of a Mexican strike, let me give these few brief pointers. When a strike is declared against any institution, the black and red flag of the C.R.O.M. (Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana), Mexican Federation of Labor, is immediately nailed upon the door of the institution involved, the institution is closed, and pickets are placed in front of it to see that no one either leaves or enters the building. Since strikes in Mexico are legal, protected by the very Constitution itself, the pickets are unmolested.

On the eve of the strike, the bank officials, backed by the Bankers' Association of Mexico, declared that since the reason they fired the man was his incompetency, the Union

was trying to maintain incompetent people.

Suspend the Strike

In order to prove the untruthfulness of this charge, and to influence public opinion in its favor, the Union agreed to suspend the strike, in the meantime making the following proposition to the bank officials, namely, that a committee of three certified public accountants, one appointed by the bank, one by the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, and one by the Union, be authorized to examine the qualifications and work of Jimenez. They further stated that should this Committee find Jimenez incompetent, not only would they accept his discharge, but would also see that the bank did not pay the five months' wages that it had offered to pay. On the other hand, should the result of the examination favor Jimenez then he was to be reinstated in his position.

The Committee of Examiners reported that Jimenez is a capable and

efficient worker. The bank had to accept this decision and, in addition to re-employing the discharged bookkeeper, had paid him for every day he has been out since his discharge.

The Bank Clerks' Union, though one of the youngest, is perhaps the most vigorous union in Mexico. It is a part of the Commercial Employees' Union, which includes, besides bookkeepers, stenographers and accountants, clerks of all descriptions, such as bank clerks, grocery clerks, drug clerks, etc., etc.

There is a possibility that in the near future these various sections may separate and form independent unions, joined together, however, in one Federation of Commercial Employees.

It is not impossible that before long, owing to the splendid union that the Mexican bank clerks have perfected for themselves, there will be trouble in the banking world. The foreign bank clerks, mostly American and English, have refused to join the Union. The Union of Mexican Bank Clerks is planning to demand the closed shop in the banks, which demand must be granted them, under Paragraph 15, of Article 123, of the Mexican Constitution.

THE RAND SCHOOL FAIR

THE Russian Village Fair, the spring festival conducted by the Rand School, the Women's Committee and the Fellowship, for the benefit of the Sustaining Fund, will offer a program of excellent artists. Among the numbers on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 24 and 25, will be selections by a Balalaika orchestra under the leadership of Roman Silinsky. Russian folk songs by Manyia Rachinskaya and S. Stangel, dances by Dorsha, folk dancing by the Rand School gymnasium group, Oriental dances by Dhimah, artists from the Jewish Art Theatre, Labor songs by Sam Friedman and Gertrude Klein. Sam De Witt, editor of "The Chatterbox," will be master of ceremonies.

On Saturday afternoon, April 25, beginning at 2 p. m., Alice Bentley's dance pupils will give several numbers, piano and violin recitals, and August Claessens in pantomime and special leaders in games for the kiddies will be the features. A special price of 25 cents is made for children.

dren. Many surprises are planned for them.

Many beautiful articles have been contributed by individuals and organizations and the Debs Auditorium will be decorated by Louis Bromberg so that the Fair itself will be held on a Russian Village street. A buffet with cabaret program will make the cafeteria on both evenings a scene of gaiety. As all big Rand School affairs have always been, so this will be a great reunion of comrades and friends of the Rand School. Tickets are now on sale at the School, 7 East 15th street.

Kirkpatrick-Seligman Debate

Socialists of Brooklyn expect to make the Kirkpatrick-Seligman debate the biggest event in years. For this reason one of the largest auditoriums in Brooklyn, Arcadia Hall, Halsey street and Broadway, has been secured for the debate which will be held on Sunday afternoon, April 26. Professor Seligman is one of the most noted economists in this country and a thorough student of Socialism and the Socialist movement. Kirkpatrick is one of the most effective speakers and writers in the Socialist Party. Both men are effective debaters and will undoubtedly draw a large audience.

General admission is fifty cents and reserved seats can be obtained for one dollar. They can be purchased at the Rand School, 7 East 15th street, New York, or at the Brooklyn headquarters, 167 Tompkins avenue.

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Office: 41 East 12th Street. Stuyvesant 5546.

Regular meetings every Friday night at 210 East Fifth Street.

Executive Board meets every Monday at 7 p. m. in the office.

MURRAY WEINSTEIN, Manager. MARTIN SIGEL, Sec'y-Treas.

PANTS MAKERS' TRADE BOARD

OF GREATER N. Y. AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA.

OFFICE: 178 EAST BROADWAY. ORCHARD 1337

Board Meets Every Tuesday Evening at the Office. All Locals Meet Every Wednesday.

MORRIS BLUMENREICH, Manager. HYMAN NOVODVOR, Sec'y-Treasurer.

Children's Jacket Makers

OF GREATER NEW YORK LOCAL 10.

Office: 535 Bushwick Ave., Bklyn. Stings 10180

Exec. Bd. meets every Friday at 8 p. m.

Reg. meeting every Wednesday, 8 p. m.

J. Berowitz, Chairman. L. Feltelson, Sec'y.

A. Levine, Rec. Sec'y. M. LENCITZ, Fin. Sec'y.

Lapel Makers & Pairers

Local 141, A. C. W. A.

Office: 3 Delancey St. Drydock 3809

Ex. Bd. meets every Friday at 8 P. M.

ALBERT SNYDER, Chairman. KENNETH E. WARD, Secretary.

ANTHONY V. FROISE, Bus. Agent.

Children's Jacket Makers

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A. Levine, Rec. Sec'y. M. LENCITZ, Fin. Sec'y.

Pressers' Union

Local 3, A. C. W. A.

Executive Board Meets Every Thursday at the Amalgamated Temple

11-37 Arion Pl., Bklyn., N. Y.

LOUIS CANTOR, Chairman. H. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

LEON BECK, Fin. Sec'y.

INTERNATIONAL POCKETBOOK WORKERS' UNION

GENERAL OFFICE:

62 UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y. Phone Stuyvesant 4408

CHARLES KLEINMAN, Chairman OSSIP WAINSKY, General Manager

PAPER BOX MAKERS' UNION

OF GREATER NEW YORK

Office and Headquarters, 3 St. Mark's Place. Phone Orchard 1200

Executive Board Meets Every Wednesday at 8 P. M.

LOUIS SMITH, President. MORRIS WALDMAN, J. KNAPPER, ANNA MUSICANT, Sec'y.

HERMAN WIENER and JOE DIMINO, Organizers.

MILLINERY & LADIES' STRAW HAT WORKERS' UNION, Local 24

United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers of North America

Up-town Office: 10 West 37th Street. Phone Pittsford 6784

Downtown Office: 210 East 5th Street. Phone Orchard 1042

Executive Board meets every Tuesday at the Up-town Office

SAUL SCHULMAN, Chairman. J. MULINAK, Sec'y.

ALEX ROSE, Rec. Sec'y. MORRIS SPECTOR, L. H. GOLDBERG, M. GOODMAN, Organizers.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY AT WORK

NATIONAL

Comrade Duty of Hermiston, Oregon, writes enclosing a remittance and also a full cargo of comradeship. He and his comrades want speakers, organizers, revival—want the old-time moving movement. He writes: "... we had \$50 in cash ready for a speaker some years ago, but the Governor of the State put a heavy heel on our plans for a big meeting here, declaring the proposed speaker was too dangerous a man for wartime public meetings, etc. But we're still on the job. I will give \$10 or better any time to help get a speaker for our local. And other comrades feel just as I do and will go the limit. I believe we could arrange for a speaker here at any time. . . . We want something doing and the sooner the better. . . ."

OHIO

Comrade Panshar, of Dayton and Cincinnati, general State hustler-organizer, writes that "things are picking up in Cincinnati, and a real Socialist local will be on the map down in Speaker Longworth's town."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Socialist party activities will be revived and propaganda work resumed in the District of Columbia, when Socialists of the Capitol will hold a banquet at the Madison Hotel, with August Claessens, of New York, as the speaker of the evening. The three branches of the Socialist Party, the Workmen's Circle, and a number of liberals are expected to cooperate to assure the success of the undertaking.

On May 8, James O'Neal, editor of The New Leader, will come to Washington to deliver a lecture on "The Prospects of the Socialist Movement."

A committee of seven, of which Morris Stamen of New York is chairman, was selected at a recent meeting to plan for a series of indoor and outdoor meetings. The committee decided on the banquet for the inauguration of the cam-

Joint Executive Committee OF THE VEST MAKERS' UNION, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Office: 175 East Broadway.

Phone: Orchard 6639

Meetings every 1st and 3rd Wednesday evening.

M. GREENBERG, Sec.-Treas.

PETER MONAT, Manager.

EMBROIDERY WORKERS' UNION, Local 4, I. L. G. W. U.

Exec. Board meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday, at the Office, 601 E. 161st St. Motown 7890

CARL GRADNER, President.

M. WEISS, Secretary-Manager.

FUR DRESSERS' UNION, Local 2, Internat'l Fur Workers' Union.

Office and Headquarters, 949 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Phone: PULASKI 6788

Regular Meetings, 1st and 3rd Mondays.

M. REISS, President.

S. FINE, Sec.-President.

FRIEDMAN, Rec. Sec'y.

E. WENNER, Fin. Sec'y.

H. KALINOFF, Bus. Agent.

FUR FLOOR WORKERS' UNION, Local 3, I. L. G. W. U.

Office and Headquarters, 949 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel. Stage 5230.

Regular Meetings Every First and Third Wednesday. Executive Board Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursday.

FRANK BARROSI, JAMES CARUSO, President. Secretary.

NECKWEAR CUTTERS Union, Local 6939, A. F. of L.

7 E. 15th St. Stuyvesant 1718

Regular meetings 1st Fri. every month

G. LEVINE, N. Y. Tel. Stage 5230.

A. SCHWARTZ, Sec. Sec'y.

CHAS. KAMMO, Vice-Pres.

LEO SAPIAN, Bus. Agent.

N. Y. Joint Board, Shirt and Boys' Waist Makers' Union

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA

Headquarters: 621 BROADWAY (Room 923). Phone Spring 2238-2239

ALDO CURSI, Manager.

H. ROSENBERG, Secretary-Treasurer.

Joint Board meets every Second and Fourth Monday.

Board of Directors meet every First and Third Monday.

Local 243—Executive Board meets every Tuesday.

Local 246—Executive Board meets every Thursday.

Local 248—Executive Board meets every Wednesday.

These Meetings are Held in the Office of the Union.

FUR WORKERS' UNION

OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

9 Jackson Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. Tel. Hunters Point 60

MORRIS KAUFMAN, General President.

ANDREW WENNER, General Secretary-Treasurer.

JOINT BOARD FURRIERS' UNION OF GREATER NEW YORK

Office: 22 East 22nd Street. Phone Caledonia 0350

Meets Every Tuesday Evening in the Office

H. BEGOON, Chairman

ABRAHAM ROSENTHAL, ADOLPH LEWITZ, Sec. Treas.

BENNY WEXLER, Vice-Pres.

FUR FINISHERS' UNION LOCAL 15

Executive Board meets every Monday at 8:30 P. M. at 22 East 22nd St.

A. SOIFER, Chairman.

L. ELSTER, Vice-Chairman.

H. ROBERTS, Secretary.

FUR CUTTERS UNION LOCAL 1

Executive Board meets every Thursday at 8:30 P. M. at 22 East 22nd St.

F. STAUB, Chairman.

H. NOMINS, Vice-Chairman.

H. SCHINDLER, Secretary.

FUR NAILERS' UNION LOCAL 10

Executive Board meets every Monday at 8:30 P. M. at 22 East 22nd St.

M. KLEIGER, Chairman.

B. WEXLER, Vice-Chairman.

ADOLPH LEWITZ, Secretary.

FUR OPERATORS' UNION LOCAL 5

Executive Board Meets Every Wednesday at 8:30 P. M. at 22 East 22nd St.

H. COHEN, Chairman.

H. REGOON, Vice-Chairman.

E. TALL, Secretary.

paign. Marx Lewis, secretary to Representative Victor L. Berger, has applied to the District authorities for permission to resume the open-air meetings, which were discontinued by the order of the authorities during the war. When permission is granted, open-air meetings, with out-of-town speakers will be held in various parts of the city.

It is expected that a large number of the 500 former Socialist Party members will return when activities are resumed.

MICHIGAN

Michigan is coming back all right. Comrade William H. Henry, in a letter after leaving Detroit, reports distinct revival spirit and activity at Jackson, Battle Creek, Pontiac, Farmington, Kalamazoo and Albion. He has his sleeves rolled up for something doing in Grand Rapids and Lansing—and he'll get away with it—before leaving very soon for Ohio. He reports that all along the line there is a vigorous desire for the national Socialist weekly newspaper—"simply must have it and when we do have such a paper the movement will go forward by leaps and bounds."

WISCONSIN

In the city election last week Milwaukee Socialists continued their long record of small but substantial gains. They increased their representation in the school board from four to five by the election of George O. Strehlow. He received 30,101 votes. The Socialist representation in the Common Council remains unchanged. In the one ward where an Alderman was chosen, Comrade Edward M. Collins was elected over a combination supporting a "non-partisan" opponent.

MISSOURI

In the recent city election in St. Louis, G. A. Hoehn, editor of St. Louis Labor and Socialist candidate for Mayor, received about 5,000

votes. This is an estimate and it will require probably a week to determine the real vote. Many of the trade unions opposed the Republican candidate because of his anti-union record. On the other hand, they worked for the Democratic candidate whose manager was formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce and who led the open-shop fight against the Typographical Union. The Republican candidate was elected.

CONNECTICUT

A meeting of Local Hamden will be held at the home of Gustave Berquist, 28 Millis street, Friday evening, April 17.

The May Day celebration will be held in Hamden's Hall, Sunday evening, May 3. It is expected that S. E. Beardsley of New York and Karl Jurek of Hamden will be the speakers. Admission ten cents.

PENNSYLVANIA

Local Philadelphia is determined to surmount all difficulties. A very successful general membership meeting was held at Mechanists' Temple on Sunday, April 5. The theatre benefit held on April 6 and 7 was quite successful and will net the Local a tidy sum of money.

They are now arranging a testimonial dinner to Eugene V. Debs, in celebration of his fifty years of loyal service in the Labor movement, at Mosebach's, at 13th and Girard avenue, at 6:30 p. m., April 26, and indications are that both the main dining room and the over-flow banquet room will be crowded at that time. Comrades James H. Maurer, Bertha Hale White, and George R. Kirkpatrick, are also expected to be present. Comrades throughout Eastern Pennsylvania are arranging to attend this affair.

The State Executive Committee has called a conference of Pennsylvania Socialists in Harrisburg on Sunday, May 10. The time will be

announced later. All dues-paying Socialists of Pennsylvania will be admitted by showing their red card. The purpose is to revive the old-time Socialist spirit, to determine plans for future work and also to determine the attitude which Pennsylvania Socialists shall take toward the Pennsylvania Labor party whose convention meets in Harrisburg on May 11. All Pennsylvania Socialists who can possibly be in Harrisburg on that day should make it a point to attend.

Local Westmoreland has made typewritten lists of all registered Socialists in that county and is arranging to interview each one personally. In the near future they hope to hold a county-wide euchre and later in the summer a picnic.

NEW JERSEY

Harkins for Governor Because of the advancement of the filing date for petitions from September to June, the State Committee at its meeting on April 12 voted to instruct all party locals and branches throughout the State immediately to make nominations for State, county and municipal office.

Nominations for the Assembly and the State Senate are most important, as the vote for the Assembly candidates determines party standing in New Jersey. These petitions require 100 signatures and must be filed with the various County Clerks not later than June 11. County and municipal petitions must also be filed with the County Clerks.

The State Committee also decided that, as Comrade Leo M. Harkins of Camden is the only nominee who has accepted, and as the time is now so short, he be declared the party's candidate for Governor. Comrade Harkins has been a member of the party for seventeen years, is a member of the National Executive Committee, and, although a resident of New Jersey, has been General Secretary of Local Philadelphia for the past five years.

Blank petitions for Governor will be sent out from the State Office shortly, and for this reason it is most important that Assembly and other nominations be made at once, as it will mean a great saving of time and effort if all the petitions are circulated together.

Local Hudson County will hold its nominating convention on Monday, April 20, at 8 p. m., at 256 Central avenue, Jersey City. At this meeting all petitions for the Jersey City Commission election (which takes place in May) must be turned in, as they must be filed April 25. Only half the necessary number of signatures have so far been received. All Jersey City comrades are urged to call at headquarters for blank petitions.

NEW YORK

Yonkers Local Thriving Eighteen new members were admitted at the last meeting of Local Yonkers Wednesday night at Warburton Hall. This brings the total of new members admitted into the branch in six weeks of 56—a record-breaker. The branch now has 75 members, which was its pre-war strength. The revival of the branch is due to the work of Comrade S. H. Stille, organizer attached to the State office.

MANHATTAN

Wednesday, April 22—August Claessens will lecture on "Why Do We Shun Dirty and Menial Work?" at the Harlem Educational Centre, 62 East 108th street.

8th A. D.

A special meeting of the 8th A. D. will be held Friday evening, April 17, at 207 East 10th street. This meeting will consider the question of amalgamation of the 8th and 8th A. D. branches. Final action will be taken at this

LABOR JOTTINGS FROM ABROAD

Help for German Metal Workers

German metal workers, especially those in the foundries and steel works, were assured of the active support of their brothers in other countries in their fight for the eight-hour working day and a general improvement of wages and working conditions at a conference of 128 delegates from metal workers' unions in fourteen lands held in Cologne March 1 and 2. After reports on conditions in the different countries showing that only in Germany and Polish Upper Silesia are the bosses strong enough to prevent the establishment of the three-shift system in the mills and that the German steel worker's average wage of fifty marks (about \$12) for a 60 to 72-hour week against about \$30 for a 48-hour week in England, constituted a menace to the working conditions of other steel workers all over the continent and in Great Britain, as well as a fearful burden upon the German working class, a resolution was adopted pledging the aid of the Metal Workers' International to the German and all other workers in their fight for the eight-hour day. Other resolutions drew attention to the danger to the workers implied by the proposed European Steel and Iron Trust and urged that representatives of the trade unions should be asked by the various Governments to participate in the negotiation of commercial treaties. It was also resolved to demand union representation on economic associations of national importance and on committees engaged in drafting labor legislation. The re-establishment of the eight-hour day in the German coke ovens and smelters on April 1 ordered by the German Government was characterized as merely a small start in the right direction. The whole spirit of the Cologne meeting, which was opened by C. Ilg of Bern, Secretary of the Metal Workers' International, was one of inspiring solidarity and a determination to see to it that the Dawes Reparation Plan must not lower the standard of living of the German workers or their fellows in other lands.

Transport Federation Gains Fast

During 1924 the International Federation of Transport Workers made the greatest gains of any year since its organization in 1919. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, Secretary Edo Fimmen was able to report that after fourteen new organizations became affiliated with the Federation, including five organizations of railwaymen with about 80,000 members, five of transport workers with about 20,000 members, and four of seamen with about 60,000 members. Among these new affiliations, organizations from the British and Dutch Indies are to be

found for the first time (both of these consist of seamen); also from Finland (transport workers), Brazil (drivers, coachmen, etc.), and Australia (seamen). The five new railwaymen's organizations are composed of organizations of petty officials (Great Britain, Norway and the Dutch Indies). The Union of Canadian Railway Officials became affiliated in 1923. Since January, 1925, three new requests for affiliation have been received, namely, from the organization of Greek railwaymen (which includes practically all railway workers in Greece), from the Italian organization of transport personnel (secondary railways, inter-municipal tramways, inland navigation, etc.), and from a Spanish stewards' organization at Vigo. After the admission of these organizations the total number of affiliated organizations will be seventy-three. Since the Federation was reconstructed no organization has withdrawn from it. The only losses have been those of the Italian Seamen's Union and of the Netherlands Federation of Transport Workers, which were excluded from the Federation.

Italian Unions on the Up Grade

That the march of the Italian Confederation of Labor back toward normalcy since the national convention in Milan last December is being accelerated faster than even the most optimistic speakers at that gathering dared prophesy is indicated by all reports coming from Italy during the last few weeks. Even bourgeois correspondents admitted that the main reason for the calling of the big metal workers' strike by Edmondo Rossini, the ex-Anarchist who heads the Fascista unions, was to show the workers that the Mussolini organization could do something for them and thus prevent wholesale desertions to the ranks of the revived Confederation. Due to the active part in the successful strike played by the real Labor unions, the scheme did not work as well as had been hoped for and the drift toward the Confederation continues. Late reports tell of the lining up with the Confederation of the Italian Labor League, an organization formed in 1916 by a number of the present Fascista leaders in order to wean the farm workers away from their real union. It was successful to a certain degree, but now the rank and file has forced a return to the old body. The Tenants' and Peasants' League of Lombardy, an organization with some fifty sections, has also recently joined the confederation. The attitude of the great majority of the leaders of the Confederation toward Communist efforts at disruption was shown at a special conference of Labor representatives from all over Italy, held in Milan the

Aid German Metal Workers—Transport Union Gains—
Italian Unions on Up Grade—African Strike Threat—"No More Black Fridays"

last days of January to consider ways and means of resisting the anti-union activities of the Fascisti. When three Communists who insisted upon the meeting adopting a resolution damning the Confederation's chiefs and the Socialist parliamentarians for their alleged treason to the workers, they were excluded in a hurry. With the disrupters on the outside, the conference proceeded to lay plans for the rapid rebuilding of the organization.

Austrian Bank Clerks Hard Hit

Retrenchment in Austria has hit the bank clerks about the hardest of any class of workers in the republic. Unemployment among them is widespread and the chance of their getting other work is not bright. On Jan. 1, 1924, the number of clerks in the Austrian banks was 25,591, whereas on Jan. 1, last, it was only 16,649.

African Strike Threat

A minimum wage bill or a strike that will tie up all the railroads of South Africa is the challenge laid down by the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa through its secretary, Clements Kadali. The union is composed of native workers. Speaking before a mass meeting of 2,000 native workers a few weeks ago, Kadali said:

"Tell the white man he has robbed you for the last 200 years, robbed you in the land of your fathers. Kick up such a row that the white man cannot sleep."

"The white man tells you the native must develop along his own lines." What is that? I want you to live according to European standards.

"Our Congress in Johannesburg in April will ask the Government to bring in a minimum wages bill for the whole of South Africa. If we can't get that we will tell the Government we will hold up the railway service and the entire industry. We mean it."

"My message to you in 1925 is: You must be free men and free women in the land of your fathers. Let that be your vision for the year. Get together everywhere and breathe the one word: I want to be a free man in South Africa. 'Make such an agitation everywhere that Parliament House will tremble.'"

"No More Black Fridays."

"There will be no more Black Fridays," C. T. Cramp, industrial secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, declared at a large meeting of rail men at Peterborough last week. Referring to the interest being displayed in the confer-

ences now going on between the rail men, engineers and miners, all of whom have important wage negotiations pending, Cramp said:

"It seems to be considered that we have met together to consider putting into operation a gigantic strike to enforce our claims. That is not the case. The engineers, miners and railwaymen all have programmes presented by them to their respective employers. It has been deemed a wise policy that each section should be informed of the progress of the other, so that, if possible, a common policy shall be followed by all concerned. What may ultimately happen I cannot say, but of this I am perfectly certain, there shall be no more Black Fridays, and personally I shall not be prepared to enter into any binding alliances without the full consent of the members of the rank and file involved."

Meanwhile, a coal strike seems inevitable. Speaking at a meeting of miners last week, Secretary A. J. Cook declared: "We will now prepare the machinery necessary to establish by our might what we have failed to secure by reason, and we shall ask the workers of this country to join hands with us in the year 1925 to ensure not only for miners a living wage, but protection for the rest of the workers."

SEE THAT YOUR ENGINEER WEARS THIS BUTTON!

I. U. S. and O. Engineers' Local 56
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M. in Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, Telephone Stagg 3444. Office hours, 9 to 10 A. M. and 4 to 5 P. M., Room 14, F. BAUSCHER, Fin. Sec.

SUIT CASE, BAG AND PORTFOLIO MAKERS' UNION

62 University Place, New York 5555
The Membership Committee and the Executive Board meet every second and fourth Mondays of the month at the office. Regular meeting every first Thursday of the month at 131 Clinton St., N. Y. Chas. Garfield, Org'r. H. Kaplan, Sec.

N. Y. Wood Carvers and Modelers Association

Regular Meetings 1st and 3rd Friday. Board of Officers Meet 2nd and 4th Friday. 215 East 54th Street, New York City.
Frank Walter, H. Kramer, President. Wm. DeBelle, Sec. Secretary. A. Fugitt, Vice-Pres. Fin. Secretary. H. Vols, Treasurer. August Schrempf, Business Agent.

United Hebrew Trades

115 EAST BROADWAY
Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 P. M. Executive Board, Every Saturday, 12 Noon.
M. ABRAMSON, Chairman
M. GOLDOWSKY, Vice-Chairman
M. FINESTONE, Secretary-Treasurer

PAINTERS' UNION

LOCAL 892
Office and Headquarters: 216 E. 59th St. Tel. REgent 2523
Regular Meetings Every Monday Evening
David Collmann, Clarence Barnes, President. Sec. Secretary. Peter Golde, J. J. Connell, Vice-President. Fin. Secretary.

WAITERS' UNION & Allied CAFETERIA WORKERS

Local 219, H. & R. E. A. & B. I. of N. Y. Office & Headquarters 170 E. 80 St., N. Y. LENOX 1874
Regular meetings every Tuesday, 8 P. M.
Meyer Schachar, Chas. S. Lowy, President. Bus. Agent & Sec.

PAINTERS' UNION, No. 51

Headquarters 366 EIGHTH AVENUE
Telephone Longacre 5629
Day Room Open Daily, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
JOHN W. SMITH, FRED GAA, President. Fin. Secretary. M. McDONALD, Vice-President. Sec. Secretary.
Regular Meetings Every Monday, 8 P. M.
MEETING HALL TO RENT FOR LABOR UNIONS AND FRATERNAL SOCIETIES. Seating Capacity 250.

German Painters' Union

LOCAL 499, BROTHERHOOD OF PAINTERS DECORATORS & PAPERHANGERS
Regular Meetings Every Wednesday Eve. at the Labor Temple, 243 East 84th St.
BRUNO WAGNER, President. CHAS. KOENIG, Sec. Sec'y.

HEBREW BUTCHERS UNION

Local 234, A. M. C. & B. V. of N. A. 175 E. 87th St. Orchard 5259
Meet every 1st & 3rd Tuesday
AL GRABAL, President. I. KOEN, Sec. Sec'y.

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Amalgamated Lithographers

of America, New York Local No. 1
Office: AMALITHONE BLDG., 265 WEST 14th ST. Phone: WAT kin 7184
Regular Meetings Every Second and Fourth Tuesday at J. L. G. W. D. Auditorium, 3 W. 16th St.
ALBERT E. CASTRO, President. Frank J. Kennedy, Vice-Pres. Frank Schel, Sec'y.

N. Y. Printing Pressmen's Union

Local 51, International Printing Pressmen's & Assistants' Union
Office: 52 WEST 16TH STREET
Regular Meetings Every 2nd Thursday at J. L. G. W. D. Auditorium, 3 W. 16th St.
PHILIP UNSTADTER, President. PATRICK J. LYNCH, Vice-President. Edward Neway, John E. Donnelly, Chas. T. Stewart, Wm. Anthony, Sec'y-Treas. Bus. Agent. Sgt.-at-Arms.

U. A. Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Marine Plumbers

LOCAL No. 1, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
Office: 19 CROFT AVENUE, BROOKLYN. Phone: MEETING 9733.
Regular Meeting every Monday evening at 192 CROFT AVENUE, BROOKLYN. Executive Board meets every Friday evening at the office.
THOMAS F. OATES, President. CHARLES L. PETERSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

UNION DIRECTORY

HERE'S YOUR UNION, WHEN IT MEETS, AND WHERE

BRICKLAYERS' UNION

LOCAL 34
Office: 239 EAST 84th STREET
Regular Meetings Every Monday Evening in the Labor Temple
THOMAS CAHILL, President
THOMAS PORTER, Sec. Secretary
EDWARD DUNN, Fin. Secretary

BRICKLAYERS UNION

Local No. 9
Office & Headquarters, Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, 949 Willoughby Ave. Phone 4621 Stagg.
Regular meetings every Tuesday Evening.
WILLIAM WENIGER, President. CHARLES PFLAUM, Fin. Sec'y.
VALENTINE HUMB, Vice-President. JOHN TIMMONS, Treasurer.
HENRY ARMENDINGER, Sec. Sec'y. ANDREW STREET, Bus. Agent.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners of America

LOCAL UNION 488
MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING at 495 East 166th St.
OFFICE: 601 EAST 181ST ST. Telephone MEIrose 5074.
THOMAS DALTON, President. CHAS. H. BAUSCHER, Bus. Agent.
HARRY P. EHLERT, Fin. Sec'y. JOHN CLARK, Sec. Sec'y.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF Carpenters and Joiners of America

LOCAL 285
67-69 Lexington Avenue. Regular meetings every 2nd and 4th Monday of the month.
MICHAEL CURTIN, Vice-Pres. V. J. CASTELLI, President.
WILLIAM GARDNER, Sec. Secretary. CHARLES FIESELER, Fin. Secretary.

Carpenters & Joiners of America

Local Union 389
4515 3rd Ave., corner Tremont Ave.
Regular meetings every Monday evening
Walter Anderson, President Bert Post, Sec. Secretary James Dolan, Fin. Sec'y.
Victor Saul, Vice President Joseph Vanderpool, Treas. Chas Nobis, Business Agent
Board of Trustees—Jos. Hess, Louis Schmidt, E. Giew

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF Carpenters and Joiners of America,

LOCAL UNION No. 808
Headquarters in the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, 949 Willoughby Avenue.
Office: Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. Telephone Stagg 3414. Office hours, every day except Thursday. Regular meetings every Monday evening.
JOHN HALKETT, SYDNEY PEARCE, HENRY COOK, President. Rec. Secretary. Treasurer.
FRANK HOFFMAN, JOHN THALER, CHARLES FRIEDELL, Vice-President. Fin. Secretary. Business Agent.

CARPENTERS & JOINERS OF AMERICA

LOCAL UNION NO. 298, LONG ISLAND CITY
Office and Meeting Room at Volker's Hall, 279 Prospect Street, Long Island City
Regular Meetings Every Monday Evening. Phone: ASToria 6009
RICHARD PAMMAN, President
Wm. Pawlowich, Andrew Franzell, Chas. T. Schwarz, Albert F. Miltner, Vice-President. Recording Sec'y. Financial Sec'y. Business Agent.

DOCK AND PIER CARPENTERS

LOCAL UNION 1486, UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS & JOINERS OF AMERICA.
67-69 Lexington Avenue. Regular meetings every 2nd and 4th Monday.
MICHAEL ERLKON, Vice-Pres. CHARLES JOHNSON, Jr., President
Christopher Gubrandson, Ed. M. Olsen, Fin. Sec. Ludwig Benson, Recording Secretary. Charles Johnson, Sr. Ray Clark, Treasurer. Business Agents.

COMPRESSED AIR AND FOUNDATION WORKERS

UNION, Local 63, I. H. C. & C. L. of A.
Office, 12 St. Marks Place. 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Daily except Wednesday, closed all day, DRY DOCK 6862.
Meetings every 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
DANIEL HUNT, PETER FINNEGAN, JOHN McPARTLAN, JOSEPH MORAN, Vice-Pres. Rec. Secretary. Fin. Secretary. Bus. Agent.

PLASTERERS' UNION, LOCAL 60

Office, 4 West 125th St. Phone Harlem 6432.
Regular Meetings Every Monday Evening. The Executive Board Meets Every Friday Evening at THE LABOR TEMPLE, 243 EAST 84TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
MICHAEL J. COLLIERAN, President and Business Agent.
J. J. O'CONNELL, Vice-Pres. JOHN LEAVY, Business Agent.
THOMAS SHERIDAN, Fin. Sec'y. JOHN DOOLEY, Recording Secretary. JOSEPH LEONTE, Sec. Sec'y.

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The New Leader Mail Bag.

In Answer to Craig

Editor, The New Leader:
Not only is Archibald Craig unfortunate in the statement that Socialism would "destroy Labor unions," as you put it in your comment upon his letter, but it is unfortunate that he should have the viewpoint of a Utopian Socialist.

And I am not at all sure that I can agree with you that the realization of Socialist aims would make Labor unions unnecessary. After all, we workers have no assurance that when the Cooperative Commonwealth is ushered in we will secure justice if we give up our Labor organizations. But that is a matter for the future.

It is not the first time that I have seen a statement like Craig's that Labor unions profit at the expense of the poor. They do nothing of the sort, although every Labor hater will agree with him. What happens is this: when the cost of living rises through the machinations of the capitalists, organized workers are able to obtain increases in wages, while the "poor" unorganized workers have to put up with lower wages, because as individuals they haven't the power to force increases in their pay.

The thing for the unorganized workers to do, then, is to organize. "But," some may say, "Labor unions restrict membership." This is a gross exaggeration. While the charge may be true in some highly organized trades, in most instances it is not true. For instance, the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, which is more or less a supporter of the Socialist Party, makes tremendous efforts to organize the unorganized workers. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is carrying on a big campaign to organize the clothing workers of Cincinnati. And one of the first things that William Green did when he became President of the American Federation of Labor was to meet with heads of International unions and tell them that Labor must make its slogan: "Organize the unorganized." After all, only 20 per cent of the workers are organized, and I can think of nothing better of a practical nature than the Socialist Party could do at this time than to

cooperate with Labor unions in organizing the unorganized.

The British Labor party would not be the power it is if it were not for the fact that the English workers are well organized in their trade unions, and the Socialist Party as well as the cause of independent Labor political action will continue to be weak so long as the percentage of unorganized workers in America is large.

LABOR-SOCIALIST.

New York City.

A Plea for Macfadden

Editor, The New Leader:

I have read the thrilling article under the caption, "Prince Macfadden of Bunkum," fresh from the divine pen of Comrade Samuel A. De Witt. Macfadden is not entirely black, even though we are at variance in our philosophies. The writer, due to his acquaintance with Macfadden's career, feels that the sins attributed to him are of a nature too serious to pass unnoticed. To be sure, I agree with Comrade De Witt only in part.

Let me defend Macfadden as not a destroyer of humanity, though criticizing him for entering the political field. Nor am I sure that Macfadden is an enemy of Labor's interest, although he speaks plain enough not to be misunderstood. He was one of America's great champions of health as well as America's great enemy of the drug humbug as a cure for physical ills. He contributed untold benefit to the advancement of health and propagation of natural methods of treating sickness.

Macfadden, while not a genius in therapy, is a pioneer of rational living. His experiments in the treatment of diseases place him in the ranks of the world's distinguished healers. He fought the American Medical Association bitterly and his position against medical quackery is just as arduous as The New Leader's against political quackery. Few, if any, of our publications are perfect, not excepting The New Leader; nor can you be until you discard all advertising.

WILLIAM HAYES.

Secaucus, N. J.

Central Park Concerts

Editor, The New Leader:

May I call attention to the mass meeting at Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, April 17, called to protest against the proposed elimination of the Goldman band concerts at Central Park, which pettiness and personal bickerings in places of authority bid fair to carry through?

Mr. Goldman, with his band, will be there, and will speak, along with others prominent in the movement.

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York.

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The Realm of Books

Creole Thrills

UNDER THE LEVEE. By E. Earl Sparling. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

A Review by CLEMENT WOOD

THIS is a volume of short stories by a young Southerner twenty-six years old. Of the baker's dozen of stories, two are interesting yarns. "Mia Marie and the Spic" is a story of a gambler who beat his wife with systematic efficiency whenever luck went against him; of how Marjeva, a Spaniard from Honduras, beheld and loved the belted lady; of how he killed the gambler, and how the beaten wife at the end turned against the luckless third party. "Old Maury's Dance" is an even better bit of work—the story of a man who was jailed for years for murdering his dancing partner, who had merely eloped with another lover; and now, years after his release, she came unintentionally to his shop, and he completed the job then for which he had paid the prison price. Sweet, grim melodramatic little plot—but with a fine romantic sardonic touch to it.

Yet these two are the best; and they are not good. The point of the first is as hackneyed as a speech by Hylan; the second sounds like a variant of endless continental outbursts. The author keeps to the hectic hot mood of meridional people, and for technique uses a variant of the O. Henry surprise ending. But there is nothing distinguished in the stories; in a similar field Thomas Burke, minor as he is, is a giant compared to Mr. Sparling.

There is this encouragement to be said to the author: there is no reason why such admirable polish of technique should not fill the most popular American magazines. If they rigorously oppose the habitual unhappy endings Mr. Sparling often uses, why, a paragraph will alter the stories. . . . At the last moment Marie repents, realizes her love for the Honduras, the police discover the man has killed a wicked murderer, all ends happily: Old Maury only thinks he has killed the woman for whose murder he was jailed, revives her with synthetic gin and New Orleans drinking water, and they live happily ever afterwards. . . . The American ukase for the happy snap at the end of the story is satisfied, and the author is substantially richer for each yarn accepted. Of such is the kingdom of current magazine literature. Blessed are the adaptable: for they shall inherit the royalties.

If Mr. Sparling wants to be taken seriously as a writer, he might take time to discover how people are and behave, and then put that down. A rigorous course in higher Dreiser and applied Samuel Butler would be in order.

Hail Cabell!

THE RECTOR OF WYCK. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

May Sinclair, in her mining for ideas, has hit a strata of sentiment. This strata is such a deep one that she can not possibly extricate herself from it. In "Arnold Waterlow," she reiterated the theme of "Marry Olivier," making Mary a man and adding a tremendous profusion of love clap-net that made the book more like a preachment than a novel. In "The Rector of Wyck," she wallows in sentimentality that lapses at the very end into melodrama. Matty, the heroine, is cleverer than her younger sister, Susan, but Susan marries a clever modern youth, who is full of impressionist art and high-sounding words, and Matty marries a kind, long-suffering, unselfish country parson. Matty lives in the country, forgets her cleverness and the city, becomes immersed in her parish and her husband. She has two children: one becomes an unfeeling social worker; the other is an "inveterate set" who dies heroically in the Great World War, redeeming his useless existence by a final gesture worthy of the salt of the earth. Matty revisits Susan after twenty years of wedded life. She finds herself foreign to the talk of the clever and sophisticated, so foreign that she feels totally out of tune, and longs to return to her quiet, peaceful countryside and her husband who is the exemplar of all that is sweet and pure and religious.

May Sinclair's characters have the three qualities which Cabell despises—common sense, piety and religion. After reading "The Rector of Wyck," we want to sing Hallelujah for Cabell!

Madelin Leaf.

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Main Street to Arrowsmith

A Review by V. F. CALVERTON.

ARROWSMITH. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1925. \$2.

SINCE the close of the last war, American society has passed through certain definite developments that have revealed with extraordinary acuteness the inadequacies of our bourgeois culture. Before the war the same inadequacies had existed, but no catastrophe had flung them to the foreground and emphasized their decadence. The Spanish-American War, for instance, had but illustrated in concrete fashion our need for expansion. The demand of foreign markets was crying and insistent. "Either expand or burst," the words of Senator Frey, crystallized a political philosophy grounded in specific economic conditions. This heyday of bourgeois expansion, this definite advent of American imperialism, found its literary expression in Howells—despite the fact that Howells under the intoxication of a Tolstoyian humanitarianism later averred himself a Socialist, one of that tepid, innocent variety, however, that is so abundantly discovered in boulevard snatching parties and in the tea-rooms of sex-rebellious spinsters. It found its critics, its antitheses, in the over-serious literary dissections of Frank Norris and Graham Phillips. Today, with the open decay of bourgeois ethics and the gradual decline of bourgeois esthetics, the vanguard of modern artists have forsaken bourgeois themes and deserted bourgeois standards. A chaos of strange devious criteria, as a consequence, has resulted.

After the great war, with the brilliant Treaty of Versailles, and the democratized world sprung myth-like from the aftermath of hostilities, the time for satire had arrived. The bourgeois promise of future felicity had been exploded. A new disillusionment ensued. Russia threatened grandiosely to proletarianize the world. The proletarian protest in America began to swell with indignation. Six million workers paraded the streets—workless. The mad flare of a bomb, colored by the poetic inspiration of the Palmerian detective service bureau, threw the country into a momentary state of terror-stricken paralysis. Then American humanity rose like a tide to defend its hallowed institutions. The "deportations delirium" followed.

On Main Street in a hundred cities men cried "Bolshevik!" to that which they could not understand, watched the Government's breathless seizure of aliens, heard the imaginary clatter of the artillery of righteousness, and visualized with relief the out-streaming of the Buford with its deck-loads of hideous scarlet-costumed Reds. . . . The travesty continued. But there was another class-conscious group in society that viewed these changing scenes with a eye to their deeper social meaning. A ruling class was being frightened by an attenuated handful of hungry fanatics and misunderstood and bewildered foreigners. By the absurdity of bourgeois logic the radical movement was again magnified into a menace. Subversion of principle turned into stupid rationalizations of actions preposterous to a point of extremity. A social decadence had set in. The shallowness of the bourgeois ethic was exposed.

And so "Main Street" and "Babbitt" came—to take the place of "The Rise of Silas Lapham." An American Voltair or Swift, however minor in comparison, was inevitable. "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are among the most important novels in American literature. Without the artistry and eloquence of "Ethan Frome" or the grace and freshness of "My Antonia," these two novels of Sinclair Lewis are more signal achievements in the history of our literature. They are a sufficient index to our social disintegration. They portray the decline of a reigning class by revealing the stultifying nature of its present philosophy and ethic. To make one laugh at bourgeois morals, bourgeois-hypocrisies and conformities to habit, is the purpose of the satirist. In "Main Street" and "Babbitt" these bourgeois sentimentalities and absurdities are described with a minuteness almost characteristic of a sociologic documentarian, and travestied with a skill almost Voltairian. Such satire makes these novels historically unforgettable. As pure adventures into the esthetic they are without the elegance and distinction of "Jude the Obscure" or "Sons and Lovers." They are pieces of propaganda done with subtlety and precision, but without the discriminating selection of incident, the fine parsimony of phrase, the tense emotionality of appeal, that characterize great art.

"Arrowsmith," the latest of Mr. Lewis' efforts, is a less important novel from a sociological point of view but a more important one from the distinctly esthetic angle. The characterization is more definite, less factitious, less extravagant. In Max Gottlieb—if he is Jacques Loeb, as is rumored, or not, does not matter—we have a unique character, deftly

handled, and convincingly portrayed. The Pickersbaughs, Tubbses and Holabirds are types, the hand-greeting sycophants that caress the superficial and feast upon the trivial—the parasites of science. The Arrowsmiths and Gottliebs are their contrasts. The shallowness of the medical profession, the politics of the medical school, the farce of health-commissioners and their uplift, the tactics of Rockefeller foundations, are depicted with vitriolic vividness. A phase of bourgeois society, a phase of its intellectual endeavor, is dissected with an unslicker scalpel.

In this story Mr. Lewis has seized upon a less significant theme, one of smaller immensity and narrower scope, than in the two novels that preceded "Arrowsmith," but he has manipulated his materials with finer dexterity and genius. The illusion of life, the individuality of character, which realistic fiction tries to create are attained with more success in this picture of the conflict between science and the "vested interests" than in the slashing satire of "Main Street" and "Babbitt." The style, of course, adheres to the loose and crude character of our civilization. It has breeziness but not brilliance, verve but not vigor.

A piece of art is great when it manages not only to illumine but also to move. The reader must arise from the work not only informed but emotionally stimulated. Fundamentally it is the emotional stimulation, the visceral excitement and thrill, that art affords which endows it with much high value to man. Tragedies are great when we can most deeply feel the tragic consequences. This emotional stimulation or catharsis, to employ an Aristotelian phrase, is best secured through intensity of conflict—and it is this intensity of conflict that we call the "dramatic." No novel can be great without the intensity of the dramatic. Imagine Dostoevsky, Hardy, Conrad, Kellerman with the dramatic elements abstracted from their works! And it is just this element—dramatic power—that is so painfully absent from Sinclair Lewis' work. It is the absence of this element that has prevented his novels from rising as works of literature to the standard of "great art." Whenever the dramatic presents itself it seems to slide through his tattered fingers with a disappointing elusiveness. Will he ever catch it? Only a literary barometer could say!

Why War?

A Review by JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN, Ph.D.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR. By Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page. New York: George H. Doran Co.

PACIFISTS have been justly criticized by such writers as Glenn Frank for their failure to come directly to the point and outline a clear policy for the individual and for society in order to rid the world of war. These critics should welcome "The Abolition of War," by Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page. Both Mr. Eddy, in his "Case Against War," and Mr. Page, in his "Questions and Answers," have succeeded admirably in keeping the distinction between modern war and such related topics as self-defense, resistance of tyranny and police protection, often confounded with it. While the point of view is religious, and frequent consideration is given to the teachings and example of Jesus, yet the book is marked by a unique freedom from sentimentality. The facts regarding venereal disease in the army are given without adjectives; the time-honored problem as to rescuing a woman from a brute is coolly faced; the probable casualties entailed by passive and by armed resistance are mathematically computed.

A compelling character is given to the discussion by the frank preface of Mr. Eddy, in which he tells of his early abhorrence of pacifism, of his enlistment in 1916 as a non-combatant, though over age, and of his book, "The Right to Fight," defending America's entrance into the World War. When such a man turns pacifist, his arguments must be heeded.

Kirby Page's "Questions and Answers" clear up the difficulties of pacifism, one by one, for the man who "wants to be shown." Mr. Page is careful to avoid partisanship in his advocacy of the League of Nations, pointing out defects in the Covenant usually ignored even by opponents of the League. He omits mention, however, of the provision which effectively precludes all democratization of the League, namely, Article 26, which provides that no amendment shall go into effect unless ratified by all the members represented on the Council. In his discussion of the Outlawry of War, moreover, Mr. Page fails to notice that defensive war and war preparations are permitted in the Knox-Lansing plan, an important consideration in an era when

Floyd Dell's Mad Ideal

THIS MAD IDEAL. By Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A Review by MARY P. FULLER

IT must have been four years ago that we all read "Moon-Calf" and absorbedly followed Felix Fay's struggles in adjustment from a Moon to an Earth. Each succeeding novel of Floyd Dell's has thrown light upon the strife of youth to maintain some individuality satisfying to its own inner needs and at the same time to exist in the world in which it finds itself. Judith Valentine, the heroine of "This Mad Ideal," puts up a gallant fight against conforming to the small-town pattern. Her spirit is dauntless and unafraid. She has to brook criticism and misunderstanding. She finds almost no support or sympathy from others in her search for the beauty, for the ideal which something in her demands. Through adolescence the strength of the herd is too powerfully felt on many occasions and she sometimes fails to hold true to her vision, but at the close of the book, when she makes her final decision with regard to the small-town life and with regard to the man who partially shares her ideals, we feel assured that she will continue her struggles throughout life, that half-leaves will never be eaten by her.

Floyd Dell has a truly remarkable understanding of human nature. He has a whimsical enjoyment of its many frailties, which he readily shares with his readers. He has a genuine sympathy with the desire of a few individuals to respond to an inner purpose and not lead mere herd existences. He almost reverently admires their attempts to maintain themselves in an unsympathetic world. One feels him on the side lines encouraging them, praising their successes, comforting their failures.

"This Mad Ideal" moves with a swiftness which is not found in the other novels. It would seem that the author had treated the salient points in the development of a character even more dramatically than heretofore. As in the previous books, his people are decidedly convincing; the groups surrounding his protagonists actually live—we know them ourselves, just as we know intimately his heroes and heroines.

practically all wars are counted as defensive by their advocates. Most daring of the "Questions and Answers" are the final ten, in which Mr. Page defines in no uncertain terms the position of the conscientious objector. Unusually radical are Answers 47 and 48 to the questions, "What is the value of going on record now as refusing to sanction or participate in any future war?" and "If only a small percentage of citizens were willing to take the position of conscientious objectors in the event of war, what good would it accomplish for a minority to do so?" It may well be that the action taken on these problems will prove the acid test of pacifists for the next war.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LITERATURE
LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. N. Y.: Scribner.
THE PAINTED VEIL. By W. Somerset Maugham. N. Y.: Doran.
THE GOLDEN DOOR. By Evelyn Scott. N. Y.: Scribner.
THE WOMAN I AM. By Amber Lee. N. Y.: Scribner.
THE LITTLE KAROO. By Pauline Smith. N. Y.: Doran.

Social Science
TEN YEARS AFTER. By Philip Gibbs. N. Y.: Doran.
EXPERIMENTAL PRACTICE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOL. N. Y.: Dutton.

Miscellaneous
TO BE NEAR UNTO GOD. By Abraham Kuypers. N. Y.: Macmillan.
MANUAL OF VEGETABLE GARDEN DISEASES. By Charles Chapp. N. Y.: Macmillan.

"Table-Talk of G. B. S." a book in which George Bernard Shaw discourses upon world politics of the day, reparations, Bolshevism, Fascism, the movies, the drama and dramatists, his own methods of writing, etc., will be published by Harpers on April 17.

MANUAL OF VEGETABLE GARDEN DISEASES. By Charles Chapp. N. Y.: Macmillan.

Is your bean crop being spoiled by rust? Your beet by scabs? Your carrots by root-rot? Your celery by blight? Your sweet-corn by corn smut? Your cabbage and cauliflower by malnutrition? Your onions by neck-rot? Or any of the vegetables you grow by the hundreds of plant diseases? This volume is a veritable encyclopedia on the subject, in which the author has gathered all the material thus far available in non-technical language, and should prove exceedingly useful to the plant pathologist, as well as the amateur gardener.

Two Dictators

A Review by WILLIAM M. FEIGENBAUM

ALFONSO XIII UNMASKED; The Military Terror in Spain. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. New York: E. P. Dutton.

THE FASCISTI EXPOSED; A Year of Fascist Domination. By Giacomo Matteotti. Translated by E. W. Dikes. London: Independent Labor Party.

HERE are two books exposing tyranny and tyrants, one of them a political polemic, the other a book that will become a historic landmark in the ever-living fight of freedom against oppression. Mr. Ibanez has written his little book from Paris, and he hurled the challenge to the Spanish people to overthrow not only their Dictator, but also the monarchy. Matteotti, however, speaks from beyond the grave, hurling a defiance to the bloodthirsty monster who ordered his murder.

Ibanez has done a courageous thing in writing his book. He has observed the workings of monarchy and the dictatorship of Miguelito, the toy copy of Benito the Murderer, whom Alfonso sports in his train. The most popular Spanish novelist, a man who has "sold" Spanish letters all over the world, he was too patriotic to stand idly by and see his country's liberties ravaged without protest. His book is a well reasoned, well authenticated story of the crimes of Alfonso and Primo di Rivera, ending in the logical climax, "The King Must Go!"

Matteotti's book was written in the last days of his life, and it is believed that Mussolini, realizing that such an exposure of his year of rule by blood and violence was about to be issued, ordered the Socialist leader killed.

Matteotti has condemned the tyrants out of their own mouths. A brave, gallant soldier of the Revolution, he did not rely upon eloquence alone, but backed up his every statement with what Ameri-

cans tersely call "the goods." He showed that Fascism has destroyed liberty, muzzled the press, and that it did not save Italy! Industrial conditions were improving before the march on Rome, and if Benito had not destroyed the Constitution the recovery would have been infinitely greater than it has been.

He quoted the words of Fascist leaders and the official statements of their party platforms, and then showed that they broke every promise they made. They promised a capital levy—when they were seeking working class support. They have done nothing to make good their words. He quotes from appeals to the people—and decrees belying their fair promises. He shows them up as a shabby band of shabby adventurers relying upon brute force, terrorizing a nation and making a mock of fairness, decency, truth and honor.

It is a terrific document. It is a wonder that the book has not been widely reviewed and quoted in the American press. Or is it? Would that press that licked the boots of Mussolini's errand boy while he was Italian Ambassador here; would the authorities who persecuted and jailed an American editor at the behest of Mussolini care to let us know about such a book?

Oskar Pollok has written an introduction, from which I am happy to quote these words:

"And never has another word become more true than these prophetic words of the dying hero—they killed him, but they were unable to kill the ideal for which he stood. They tried to stop a fighting force, and they have stirred a whole nation. They wanted to silence a single man, and they have raised a world-wide movement of horror and protest. They killed one, and there are hundreds eager to take his place in the ranks. They stabbed Matteotti to death, and he is still alive. They buried his body, and his spirit is amongst us, leading and fighting more than ever."

UNEMPLOYMENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

Washington two years ago urging Western farmers to go into dairying instead of raising beef cattle. Now the latest advice from Washington is for the farmers to curtail dairying in order to maintain prices, adding that if the dairy cattle are increased the market will be glutted!

Freight Train Tourists

The unemployed who are to be seen mounting and leaving freight cars are a common sight.

"The freight train tourists are all decent, law-abiding, intelligent fellows as far as average intelligence goes," reports Graham. "One day last month I was accosted at various times by twelve men, each one asking for food, and on that day I fed twelve guests." The Woolworth stores that deal in the cheapest wares that workers buy are curtailing business in the Western States. They have reduced the wages of their girl employees to nine dollars a week and the trade unions are fighting this policy with but little success.

It should be borne in mind that this great region of which our correspondent writes has vast acres of rich soil. It includes the great wheat belt of the Northwest, pasture and grazing territory of inestimable value, the mining towns, both coal and metal, fruit farms and vegetable gardens. It is a section capable of sustaining a much larger population than it has in a high degree of comfort and health.

But capitalism has made this wonderful region a scene of desolation beginning shortly after the end of the World War. During the war the human sharks and gamblers on the toll of others found their appetites restrained by war legislation. After the end of the war the signal was given in Washington, "Business as

usual," and the whole pack of legal sharks, gamblers and exploiters that infest capitalist society swooped down upon the masses.

The story of the farmers is now well known. Had the Germans marched through this region and commandeered the savings and resources of hundreds of thousands of farmers they could not have robbed more than the railroad, elevator, banking and capitalist robbers robbed the farmers. Thousands of former independent farmers now compete in Western towns with unemployed workers for the jobs that cannot be had. Their farms, their homes, their savings and their tools are gone. The labor of a lifetime has left them nothing but their distress.

Having despoiled the rural areas of this section the wage workers of the towns and cities are the next to be skinned.

President Coolidge is surrounded by the representatives of great wealth and no man in the presidency ever had more respect for a ruling class than Coolidge has. The Administration is more frankly and openly committed to the great capitalists and bankers than any other in our history. The Ohio Gang worked under cover in the days of the sainted Harding. The gang that now rules put their feet under the table at White House breakfasts.

Unemployment is by no means confined to the Western States. It is general, but little is being said by the newspapers about it. The New Leader will try to get more data regarding this miserable by-product of capitalism. The tragedy lies in the fact that its working class victims have given their votes to enemy parties while they are practically disfranchised in the State Legislatures and in Congress. Certainly, God watches over children, the United States and fools!

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DRAMA

The Drama in Central Europe

2. VIENNA

VIENNA does not share the German tendency to run violently after new things in the arts. Bernard Shaw has just accused it of being obstinately romantic in its taste and of having failed to shake off entirely the touch of the Turk. The Viennese theatre will strike the visitor of today as a friendly home to the play of formal cut and to the acting that has style and grace.

At the Reinhardt Theatre, continues I. B. in the Manchester Guardian, one found polish; at the magnificent Burgtheater an appropriate magnificence. Here was to be seen, for instance, "Antony and Cleopatra," and it was a glimpse that will endure in memory; it contains many of the wildest and loveliest flowers of Shakespeare's passionate utterances.

The producer for the Burgtheater resisted all temptation to hold the gorgeous East in fee. Herr Heine and his decorator, Herr Röllner, gave us but a hint of Cleopatra's trappings, and used the enormous spaces of their stage to suggest pomp, not to mimic it. The acting was never impeded by labored efforts to pile spectacle on spectacle, and it fully deserved the respect paid to it.

And what a theatre for the play! The Burgtheater has been planned on a scale that makes Drury Lane seem a handbox; its foyers and approaches would themselves make playhouses, and the imperial touch is everywhere. But now democracy can buy its seat in the royal box, and democracy had crowded the house for "Antony and Cleopatra." Democracy again packed the Burgtheater to see a familiar mid-Victorian Viennese favorite, "Lampisvagaabundus," an easy-going, jocular satire upon the lazy Austrian with a taste for idleness, beer, and tobacco. An odd affair this turned out to be, with jolly songs and the primitive clowning of all ages. It seemed a simple pleasure for such a grandiose environment, and smacked of the village. But it is very dear to Vienna, and if the intellectual despise it they can hear in mind that the Burgtheater has its own "little theatre"

in the regal "Redoutensaal," and uses Maria Theresa's ballroom for the presentation of ballet and light opera.

Even more lordly than the Burgtheater is the Opera, Vienna's particular and legitimate pride. Here again you will find democracy pouring up through the gigantic stairways and foyers to hear old friends like "La Traviata." The mounting of the opera is at once lavish and discreet; here again the Viennese sense of style is everywhere apparent, and of the quality of the orchestra and singing so much praise has been spoken that none need be added.

It may be urged against Vienna that it is not speaking up for itself in the theatre. If you want the latest thing in dramatic expression you must have it from a German, Georg Kaiser, or the Renaissance Theatre. Shakespeare and Shaw abound. You may find A. A. Milne or H. H. Harwood, or a Barrie at intervals, and Thesen, still powerful to attract. Budapest is more vocal, and with Valda and Molnar is creating its own school of expression. And Budapest has peculiar political difficulties. "Fata Morgana," which has been successful in London and America, has only just been permitted the right of performance in its native town because the author, Valda, is a radical!

Vienna has not given great utterance to its years of distress, but has sought to escape from despair by its perfect hospitality to the dramatic art of past times and of other nations. The opera, of course, is still flourishing on its own ground, and the composers plod on and keep the waltzes fresh. Yet, oddly enough, a popular musical comedy may be very perfunctorily staged in Vienna and the production be no better than that of an English touring company. Perhaps for the Viennese public the music is enough, and a more exacting dramatic taste is reserved for more important matters. At all events, the exacting taste is there when the masters are being played, and Vienna, with its restraint and style, is a graceful answer to one's fear that the drama in Central Europe may be passing over into sound and fury and the rattle-trap stunts of "expressionism."



ANNE SCHMIDT,

a principal member of the Neighborhood Players, plays an important role in "The Legend of the Dance" and "Sooner and Later," now at the Grand Street Playhouse.

New Guild Theatre

"Caesar and Cleopatra" Opens Quaint Playhouse On Fifty-second Street

The Theatre Guild has been rather fortunate this season in choosing their The Guild with "The Guardsman," worth the mention, on the board of theatrical fare. In a season that has seen but few plays "They Knew What They Wanted," "Professional" and now "Caesar and Cleopatra" has an enviable record. On top of this achievement comes the opening of the new Guild Theatre, on West 52nd street, built by funds loaned by Guild subscribers. And what a theatre! A special story would be necessary to describe the history of the undertaking. In this new theatre, George Bernard Shaw's brilliant comedy, "Caesar and Cleopatra" was presented Monday night. The occasion was an event in the theatrical history of this city.

To Shaw's disciples "Caesar and Cleopatra" is a mental treat. Here is satire, brilliancy, action and a sincere effort to make history live again. And in the performance, with the masterful settings by Frederick Jones and costumes by Arline Bernstein, a vision of Egypt of 48 B. C. was, to say the least, realistic.

There is much talk in this play of Shaw's. But it is interesting and brilliant talk. Lionel Atwill acts the role of Caesar with depth and feeling, and a keen sense of humor. He reads well and understands the role. Altogether he gives us a Caesar of reality. Helen Hayes, however, was not as convincing. At times we could imagine that here was the Cleopatra in Shaw's mind—a touch here and there—which no doubt will lead to bettering her role.

Henry Travers' Britannus was the delight and joy of the evening. The satirical lines were handled with meaning and originality. Helen Westley played Ptolemy with grim determination to be sardonic. The artistic Sicilian Apollodorus was well done by Schuyler Ladd, and the practical soldier Rufus was handled with understanding by Edmund Elton. Altogether the performance was delightful and engrossing.

The audience these days takes Shaw, however, as a matter of course. A visit to the new Guild Theatre is an additional thrill.

"Kai Khosru," To Be Acted by Children At Hecksher Theatre

The Actors' Theatre will present "Kai Khosru," a Persian play acted entirely by children, at a series of special matinees in the Hecksher Theatre, Fifth avenue and 104th street, Sunday, April 26, and extending through May 6. The fifty child actors, ranging in age from four to fourteen, are members of Miss Edith King's and Miss Dorothy Coit's School of Acting and Design, which last year produced "Aucassin and Nicolette," a French romance, and "Damayanti," a Hindu play, at the Garrick Theatre.

"Kai Khosru," a tale woven from old Persian legends, has been compiled by Miss Coit, who also coached the play. The scenery and costumes, designed by Miss King and executed by the children, are reproductions of old Persian manuscripts, which have been the basis of study for the entire production. Every child in the school has a part in the play, two complete casts appearing on alternate afternoons. Preparations for the public performances have been in progress for a year.

"Harvest," Kate Horton's New Drama, At Bronx Opera House Monday

Beginning Monday night, at the Bronx Opera House, the Messrs. Shubert, in association with John Cromwell, will present a new drama by Kate Horton entitled "Harvest." In the cast are Augustin Duncan, Louise Closser Hale, Mabel Wright, Alexander Clark, Jr., Viola Frayne, Sam Coit, Earl House and Ronald Savery.

"Harvest" is the first work by this author to reach the American stage. Joe Laurie, Jr., in "Plain Jane," will come to the Bronx, April 27.

William Stahl, who plays the part of the sheriff in "Desire Under the Elms," has written a play, "Simple Hunger," which will be tried out by a stock company in Denver this summer. The play deals with the working man and his defeat by his environment.

THEATRES

America's Foremost Theatres and Hits, Direction of Lee & J. J. Shubert.

WINTER GARDEN

Evenings, 8:25. Matinees, Tues. & Sat. 2:30.
"A FINE AND HILARIOUS NIGHT."
—Osborne, Eve. World.



with CHARLES PURCELL
And a Great Cast

CENTURY THEATRE

BALCONY SEATS (Reserved.)
500 at \$1—500 at \$1.50
400 at \$2—400 at \$2.50
Others \$3.00.
Wed. Matinee, Best Seats \$2.50



Life and Music of Offenbach.
Cast of 250—Kosloff Ballet of 50—Symphony Orchestra.

SUNDAY NIGHT—WINTER GARDEN
ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN N. Y.
BIG BILL OF ALL-FEATURE ACTS
SMOKING PERMITTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE

44TH STREET THEATRE

West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.
ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S



with MARGUERITE NAMARA
WILLIAM DANFORTH, TOM BURKE,
LUFING LANE, BARBARA MAUREL,
SARAH EDWARDS, STANLEY FORDE,
ELSA PETERSEN, LEO DE HIERA,
POLIS and a CHORUS OF 100 VOICES.

CASINO

Broadway and 39th Street
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
7TH MONTH



50 MODELS FROM
THE STUDIOS
and
A GREAT CAST

BROADHURST THEATRE, 44th W. of Broadway.

Eves. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.
The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present

LIONEL
BARRYMORE
in
TAPS

by FRANZ ADAM BEYERLEIM
with
IRENE FENWICK

And a Distinguished Cast Including
McKay Morris Robert Thorne
Herbert Standing Ulrich Haupt
Egon Brecher Frederick Macklin
Thurlof Bergen Edwin Maxwell
Play staged by LAWRENCE MARSTON.

JOLSON'S THEATRE

59th Street and Seventh Avenue.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30



Staged by J. C. HUFFMAN
Symphony Orchestra of 40
Singing Chorus of 100
Good Seats at Box Office

ELTINGE THEATRE

42nd Street, West of Broadway.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

THE COMEDY TRIUMPH!



By JAMES GLEASON
(Co-author of "Is Zat So?")
and GEORGE ABBOTT
with ERNEST TRUOX

CHANIN'S

46th St. THEATRE
Just West of Broadway.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.



The Laugh Sensation
By JAMES GLEASON
(Co-author of "The Fall Guy")
and RICHARD TABER

HOW CAN YOU GO
ON LIVING WITHOUT
AIR
FOR THREE YEARS
REPUBLIC THEATRE—W 42nd St—Eves 8:30
WED. & SAT. 2:30

JOHN GOLDEN
SAYS

PIGS
PAYS
LITTLE THEATRE

James Gleason, co-author of "Is Zat So?" in which he is appearing, and co-author of "The Fall Guy," will have as his next collaborator Lucille Webster Gleason, his wife, in a new play called "That Bimbo."



IRENE FENWICK,
with Lionel Barrymore in "Taps,"
the Continental drama which
opened at the Broadhurst Wed-
nesday night.

Gilbert and Sullivan Gems

"Princess Ida" Well Sung
and Delightfully Staged
At the Shubert Theatre

Out of the superabundant energy of creation, in a playful moment, God created man. In him appeared naught of the grandeur of mountains, of the restless beauty of the seas, of the wonder of the sky at night, radiant with stars. Yet man was an interesting by-product of the energy of God, tempting the Creator to observation, even to an improvement of his experiment. Then appeared woman. In the same manner, the year 1870 witnessed the creation of a whimsical allegory, "The Princess, being a respectful perversion of Mr. Tennyson's poem." No tithe of the wealth of irrepressible humor of "The Mikado," of the surging tenderness of "The Yeoman of the Guard," of the playfulness of "Iolanthe," of the delicious nonsense of "The Pirates of Penzance." Yet an interesting by-product of the creator's energy, a mixture of satire and fun that tempted to observation and improvement. So that in 1884 the Savoy Theatre staged "Princess Ida," the five scenes expanded to three acts. Still woman was God's latest and greatest creation.

At least, so say the ladies of Castle Adamant; the full hundred of them vowed to learning and woman's rights and the defence and defence of man. One is reminded a bit of Lysistrata, save that the Victorians are delicately suggestive where the Greeks were direct. "Princess Ida" is a delight to the eye and ear, although Gilbert, who insisted that no actress wear a dress she could not grace in a drawing-room, would be shocked by the presentation at the Shubert Theatre. In the exaggeration and modern musical comedy handling of the chorus, the production is not in true Gilbertian spirit; in all else it is faithful—therefore better than a dozen new plays. But women there are in abundance, all of them wise, young, beautiful—they say so themselves, in their singing. And they despise men, for, when all is said and done,

A man, however well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!
The play was much more popular thirty years ago than it is today, for it beats hard upon all the Mid-Victorian conventional shams that the 1890's were beginning to find intolerable. Gilbert foreshadowed the revolt. To begin, he introduces three men into this academy of virgins. In the second place, they comment on the possibilities of this fact, sex being somehow not ignored. "Tom Brown's Schooldays" is typical of the way the Victorian disposed of sex by ignoring it.

Of the production, too much cannot be said. The scenery is splendidly adapted to the mood; Tessa Kosta, a superbly stern princess, Miss Marsh, Miss Whitehead, Miss O'Brien in excellent support. Sudworth Frasier as the prince, with his two companions Scott Welsh and Bertram Peacock, were as jolly a trio as one could meet. Detmar Poppen was horrifying—he was meant to be; and Robinson Newbold as ridiculous as desired. Others too numerous to mention filled out an admirable cast, a splendid production, an excellent play.

J. T. S.

Elaborate Revival of
"The Mikado" At the
44th Street Theatre

The performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado," at the 44th Street Theatre, is an unequalled delight. The Shuberts have given this most popular of the works of the great collaborators a production worthy of its beauty; and no higher praise can be given. The world, after all, is divided into two camps, those who know and appreciate and love Gilbert and Sullivan, and those benighted creatures who have not yet been initiated into the joys. For those who belong, there is after all one test of the faith—"The Mikado." And the 44th Street Theatre was jammed to the rafters with those who knew every line, every epigram, every tune, and who with difficulty restrained themselves from bursting into song to aid the men and women on the stage.

The performance was a delight. First honors must go to Mr. William Schwenk Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the beauty of this gorgeous social satire. The music, from the lilting strains of the humorous little songs, through the tender "Moon and I," to the roaring choruses and the heart-breaking plaint of Katsiha who sees middle age defeated by triumphant youth, music that is of grand opera calibre, every note is perfection. The lines sparkle, the epigrams are brilliant even after forty years, the words of the songs—but why go on? Either you know "The Mikado" or you don't. And if you don't, don't waste a day in getting to know it.

Then the production. The singers constitute an ensemble worthy of the fine tradition created early this season by the Shuberts in "The Love Song" and "The Student Prince," principals and chorus pouring out the delectable melodies as if they enjoyed it as much as the audience enjoyed listening to it. Marguerite Namara was in splendid voice for Yum-Yum; Tom Burke was a manly Irish tenor as Nanki-Poo, and Sarah Edwards, made up to look like a scarecrow, sang her heart-breaking songs of blighted affection as if she really had seen her lover snatched from her clutches by that youth that must have its fling. She was the real singer of the performance. William Danforth as the Mikado is exactly perfect. And finally, Lupino Lane was Ko-Ko. What more do you want to know? Acrobatic, made up, it seemed, like a Cossack dancer, his voice, his face, his gestures, his attitudes fitted the part as if it had been written for him. A word must also be said for the magnificent orchestra.

But the fly in the ointment was the acting. Tom Burke, manly, shapely in his Japanese tights, simply doesn't act. He sings beautifully, but between songs he just stands around and attitudes. Outside of Lane and Danforth and Miss Edwards, the rest of the acting is just so-so. Likewise, let us hope that within a few days the cast will learn the lines.

But we do not need that dismal sound, for joy reigns everywhere around. "The Mikado" is here and all Gilbert and Sullivan lovers are happy! W. M. F.

THE NEW PLAYS

MONDAY

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS," a play by John B. Hymer and Leroy Clemens, will be produced at the Lyric Theatre by Carl Reed, Monday night. The cast is headed by George Gaul, and includes Vivienne Osborne and Anne Morrison.

THURSDAY

"THREE DOORS," a new play by Edward E. Rose (the man who wrote "The Rosary"), will be produced at the Lenox Little Theatre, Thursday night, by Albert Von Tilzer.



FRANK MOULAN,

the noted comedian of musical comedy, is now one of the principal factors in the musical entertainment at the Capitol Theatre.

"Romola," by George Eliot, With Lillian Gish, At the Capitol Theatre

"Romola," with Lillian Gish, will be at the Capitol Theatre, beginning Sunday.

"Romola" is a film version of the famous novel by George Eliot which tells of the exciting life of the Florentines in the days of Savonarola. It was directed by Henry King and was filmed by Inspiration Pictures.

Dorothy Gish plays one of the principal roles, it being the first picture in which the two sisters have appeared together since "Orphans of the Storm." Others in the cast include Ronald Goldman, William H. Powell, Charles Lane and Herbert Grimwood. The picture was made at Florence, Italy.

Maria Yurieva and Veselaff Svoboda, Russian dancers, have been re-engaged by S. L. Rothafel for the Capitol next week. They will be seen in the Bacchanale from Glaznow's "The Seasons." The ballet diversissements will include an Egyptian Ballet with Doris Niles heading the dancers.

John Cort will make a production of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," this coming season. Don Barclay, now playing in "China Rose," will have the role of "The Dromio of Syracuse."

THEATRES

German Gantvoort presents Barry Conder's
Baritone Comedy of Youth, Love and Laughter
HELLS BELLS
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30. EVE. 8:30.
GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE
4th Month

LAST 2 EVENINGS, LAST 2 SATURDAY MATINEES
"What Pittsfield, Mass., means to Chamber Music"
Grand Street, New York, means to Ballet."
—Gilbert Gabriel, Telegram and Eve. Mail.
TWO UNIQUE DANCE DRAMAS
"SOONER AND LATER"
Music by Emerson Whithorne
"THE LEGEND OF THE DANCE"
Music by Lily Hyland
Special Prices for Two
Sat. Matinee April 18 & 25. 25 Balcony Seats \$1.50, and 50 Balcony Seats \$1.

B. S. MOSS' **CAMEO NOW**
BWAY & 42ND ST. Noon to 1:30 P. M.
It looks as though the incomparable
Nurmi is going to have a dangerous
rival in
Charley's Aunt
who is now in the 11th week of her
prodigious run on Broadway. Crowds
of old and young keep right on surging
into the Cameo incessantly. Mordant
Hall said in "The Times" last Sunday:
"Charley's Aunt's wonderful run speaks
well for wholesome comedies." Quite so!
"ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH"
OTHER BEEL ATTRACTIONS
FAMOUS CAMEO THEATRE
ORCHESTRA

CAPITOL BROADWAY
AT 51st ST.
World's Largest and Foremost Motion
Picture Palace—Major Edward Bowes,
Manager Director.
BEGINNING SUNDAY
First Time at Popular Prices
LILLIAN GISH
IN
"ROMOLA"
Famous CAPITOL Program
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
BALLET CORPS AND ENSEMBLE
Presentations by ROTHAFEL "BOXY"

FAMOUS AS A BOOK AND PLAY FOR 25 YEARS
NOW A SIDE-SPLITTING SCREEN SCREAM
The Wizard of Oz
FOWLER & TAMARA
SOUTH AMERICAN TROUBADOURS
FREDERICK BRINDLEY, Tenor
"A BOUQUET OF MELODIES"
A Musical Novelty
B. S. MOSS' **COLONY**
BWAY & 43rd ST.
SECOND WEEK

YIDDISH ART THEATRE
37th STREET
& MADISON AVE.
MAURICE SWARTZ
—IN—
Abraham Goldfaden's
Comedy with Music
"THE WITCH"
Music Rearranged by Josef Chernovsky
FRIDAY, SATURDAY &
SUNDAY EVENING
SATURDAY & SUNDAY
MATINEE

Bronx Amusements
BRONX OPERA HOUSE
140th ST., E. of M. Ave.
POP. PRICES | MATS. WED. & SAT.
BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT
The Messrs SHUBERT, in Association
with JOHN CROMWELL present
"HARVEST"
A New Play in Three Acts
By KATE HORTON
With a Distinguished Cast including
Augustin Duncan—Louise Closser
Hale—Mabel Wright—Alexander
Clark Jr.—Viola Frame—Sam
Cott—Earl House—Ronald Savers.
The Play Staged by John Cromwell
Week of April 27th
Joe Lawrie, Jr., in "Plain Jane"—
The Perfect Musical Comedy.

"Theatre Routine," Starts Promisingly In the Village

Down at 42 Commerce street, right
next to the Cherry Lane, Greenwich
Village has started another theatrical
project. The new venture, headed by
Elizabeth Mack, hopes to provide a
center "where the routine of theatre
work may be obtained in all its
branches." Any Tuesday, Thursday or
Sunday evening the seeker for the out-
of-the-way and worth-while can find in-
teresting work with these hopeful
workers. For their present bill, they
have three excellent pieces: Laurence
Houman's "The Queen—God Bless
Her!" the fourth act of Ibsen's "Brand,"
very seldom given on any stage, and
a whimsical comedy by Helen Simpson,
"Pan in Pimlico."

Mish Mack herself is a finished ac-
tress; those supporting her in the first
sketch were left stranded. Disraeli,
especially, was too much of a caricature,
a weakling rather than the astute
statesman. We should have preferred
to see, under his love-making to the
Queen, a feeling conveyed to the audi-
ence that he was perhaps not a re-
spectful lover but a clever, flattering
statesman. "Brand" was acted by per-
formers of the recitative school, who
brought out the poetry by emphasizing
the rhymes. In spite of this, however,
the act has a power scarce guessed
from the printed page, in its stern car-
rying through of Brand's ideal of "all
or nothing." Frances Du Moulin and
William Peters had good character
parts in "Pan in Pimlico." This play is
a fantasy of the return of Pan to find
beauty and love in the slums of a
crowded city; it makes a pleasant final
piece for a group that starts with prom-
ise and well-directed zeal.



DWIGHT FREY
in "The Knife in the Wall," Fran-
ces Lightner's drama, which has
taken up new quarters, moving to
the Frolic Theatre.

Norman-Bel Geddes And Richard Herndon, New Producing Unit

Norman-Bel Geddes and Richard
Herndon will be associated in play pro-
duction next season. Their organiza-
tion will be known as the Norman-Bel
Geddes-Richard Herndon Corporation.
Their first production will be made
in Paris and it will be "Jeanne d'Arc,"
with Eva Le Gallienne in the role. It
is written in English, Miss Le Gal-
lienne having made the French transla-
tion for the Paris engagement. The
second offering to be staged by Mr.
Geddes and Mr. Herndon will be
"Mother of Christ" this also to be
done in Paris. Mercedes de Acosta is
the author of both works. The first
of the Paris productions will be made
in May. Next season Messrs. Geddes
and Herndon will present at least
three other plays in New York.

DRAMA

Superb Symbolism

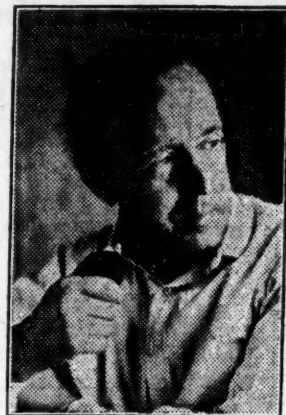
"The Servant In the House," Revived At the 48th Street Theatre

Either Charles Rann Kennedy's play
has aged well, or the interpretation
now given it at the
Actor's Theatre is
the best it has
ever received, for
"The Servant In
the House" proved
most moving in its
situation and sym-
bolism. We had
grown accustomed
to calling its senti-
ment mawkish, its
plot too allegori-
cally fitted to its
subject; we found it
surprisingly alive and
richly true.

The spring morning through which
the five acts work without interruption
looks as of great importance in the life
of Vicar Smythe; to him, because of
the chance for gathering funds to re-
build his church, to us, because we see
the summoning of the powers of good
and evil in their final fight for his
soul. The battle centers upon disrepu-
table brother Robert Smith, and his
daughter Mary, whom the vicar and
his ambitious wife have been rearing,
while they carefully guarded her from
knowledge of her father. This allows
one of the most touching scenes in re-
cent drama, when sympathetically done,
that between Mary and the man she
thinks is a thief, but who is really
her father. Of equal power is the pas-
sage between the vicar and his wife,
when in gathering moral strength he
points out how harmful the idolatrous
love of his wife for him has been to
both of them.

Much of the beauty of the present
performance springs from the superb
casting and staging, which was under-
taken by the author. William Sauter
and Violet Kemble Cooper, as the Vicar
and his wife, were excellent foils, well-
balanced and well-contrasted. George
Hassell was fruitful in bodily motion
and intonation for the part of Robert,
the drain-man; Pedro De Cordoba a re-
strained and mystic Manson; the servant
in the house, Arthur Lewis did a suc-
cessful bit as the deaf and almost blind
Bishop of Lancashire, the representa-
tive of Mammon in the house of God.
Helen Chandler, the end of the season,
was winsome and wistful with shadowed
magic; heaven grant that she ripen
unspoiled! Altogether the Actors' The-
atre have added still one more to that
lengthy list of presentations that are
setting them to the fore as producers
of power and taste.

W. L.



DUDLEY DIGGES
gives an impressive impression as
the Friend of the Family in Mol-
nar's comedy, "The Guardsman,"
which moves back to the Garrick
Theatre Monday.

A New Playhouse

THE new Guild Theatre in West
Fifty-second street, which opened
Monday night with a production of
"Caesar and Cleopatra," is regarded
as the finest theatre in New York. It
has a seating capacity of 914 and a
stage that is unusually large in pro-
portion to the size of the house. The
stage has a 38-foot opening, is 49 feet
deep and 77 feet long, making it the
fourth largest stage in the city.

The Guild Theatre building is de-
signed not only for the presentation of
plays but to house the various social
and educational activities of the Guild
as well. There is a whole floor for the
new school that was recently an-
nounced, with studios, class rooms, a
make-up room, a costume room and a
miniature theatre. On the ground floor
is a book-shop, a library, clubrooms
for the members and a lounge. The
auditorium is on the mezzanine floor.
The entrance to the auditorium is
through the lounge and up a double
stairway leading at each end to a long
foyer immediately back of the audi-
torium. Another double stairway leads
to an upper foyer beneath the balcony.
There is no proscenium arch and the
walls and ceilings of the auditorium
come simply to an end where the stage
begins, eliminating the box stage pic-
ture. The ceiling of the theatre is
gayly decorated. A frieze around the
walls, depicting scenes from past Guild
productions, was painted by Victor
White, assisted by Margaret White and
Stanley Rowland. Inside the theatre,
in regard to the auditorium, lounges,
clubroom, curtain, ceiling, etc., the col-
oring is Florentine. The furniture is
genuinely antique or skillful reproduc-
tion.

The building proper is five stories
high. The offices of the Guild are on
the first floor, the clubroom and library
on the second, the school on the third,
and the studios, a rehearsal room, a
sewing shop and a wardrobe room on
the fourth. Some 2,000 members of
the Guild subscribed \$550,000 toward
the building of the theatre.

"The Rivals," headed by Mrs. Flake,
Chauncey Olcott, Thomas A. Wise,
James T. Powers and Lola Fisher,
which is now on tour under the direc-
tion of George C. Tyler and Hugh Ford,
is planning a visit to Honolulu in July.

Charles Dillingham and A. H. Woods
have purchased a new play by Michael
Arlen (author of "The Green Hat"),
entitled "Those Charming People."
Cyril Maude will star in it next fall.
The play is based on the author's vol-
ume of the same name.

Alfred Goodman, musical director for
the Shuberts, conducted the orchestra
of "The Love Song," at Wednesday's
matinee when the Offenbach operetta
celebrated the 100th performance.

Earl Carroll is taking moving pic-
tures of the principal scenes in "The
Rat." The movies are being made on
the stage of the Colony.

Thomas Broadhurst is in the midst
of rehearsals of his own play, "The
Right of the Seigneur," and it will be
offered here in a few weeks. It will
have a different title.

Rosalie Stewart will hereafter pro-
duce as Rosalie Stewart, Inc., instead
of using the firm name of Stewart &
French. In the fall Miss Stewart will
present "Craig's Wife," by George
Kelly, and a dramatization of "The
Enchanted April."

"Sooner and Later" and "The Legend
of the Dance" enter upon the last week
Monday, at the Neighborhood Play-
house. The final performance takes
place Sunday, April 26.

Vaudeville Theaters

MOSS' BROADWAY
B. S. Moss' Broadway Theatre, be-
ginning Monday, will have on the screen
Zane Grey's "Code of the West," with
Constance Bennett, Owen Moore and
Mabel Ballin.

The vaudeville acts will include
Douglas Leavitt and Ruth Mary Lock-
wood, assisted by Charles Bates; Jack
Osterman; Ted Claire and Company,
with Syl Green's Orchestra; George
Lane and Byrd Bryon; Joe Lane and
Pearl Harper; Louis Drake & Company,
and others.

PALACE
Joe Weber and Lew Fields; Mme.
Trentini; Marie Cahill; Cecilia (Cissie)
Loftus; Blossom Seeley; Dr. Rockwell;
the Merediths; Seymour and Jeanette
Lucas and Inez.

HIPPODROME
Van and Schenck; Trini, assisted by
Hurtado's Royal Marimba Orchestra;
Warren Jackson and Dario Borzagi;
Ruby Morton; Ted and Betty Healy;
Joe Mendy; Roy Cummings and Irene
Shaw; the Pasquelli Brothers; "The
Venetian Masqueraders"; Dan Stanley
and Al Birnes, and the Bander La Velle
Troupe.

Broadway Briefs
"Processional" closes this Saturday
night. The Theatre Guild moves "The
Guardsman" back to the Garrick Mon-
day night.

"The Knife in the Wall," Frances
Lightner's play formerly called "Pup-
pets," is now playing at the Frolic
Theatre, having moved there Monday.

Irene Bordoni made her debut in
London in Avery Hopwood's song-play,
"Little Miss Bluebeard," at Wyndham's
Theatre, last Monday night.

Margot Kelly is now rehearsing "The
Loves of Lulu," an adaptation of Franz
Wedekind's "Erdgeist." The produc-
tion, staged by Ulrich Haupt, will open
during the week of April 27.

MUSIC

Furtwaengler-Mengelberg To Conduct Philharmonic; Toscanini Guest Conductor

The Philharmonic Society of New
York, announces that Willem Mengel-
berg and Wilhelm Furtwaengler will
conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra
next season, with Arturo Toscanini as
guest conductor.

Mr. Mengelberg will open the season
on Thursday evening, October 15, and
will conduct the concerts until and in-
cluding Jan. 10. The concerts from
the latter part of January until the
end of the season will be led by Mr.
Furtwaengler.

The Society further announces that
Arturo Toscanini has consented to con-
duct certain of its concerts in January.

The last Sunday night Opera Concert
of the Metropolitan Opera season will
be given tomorrow night with Erwin
Nyiregyhazi, pianist, as soloist.

Royal Dadmun, the baritone, gives his
song recital in Aeolian Hall on the
evening of April 22.

Music Notes

The musical program at Moss' Colony
will include Fowler and Tamara, as-
sisted by their South American Trou-
badours; Frederick Brindley, tenor;
and "A Bouquet of Melodies."

Ethyl Hayden, soprano, will give a
recital at Carnegie Hall, Monday night.

John Costes will give a program of
Shakespeare Songs at Town Hall, Tues-
day evening (Shakespeare Day).

Gertrude Bonime's program at Aeol-
ian Hall, Tuesday afternoon, will
include a group of Chopin, Beethoven
and "Tableau d'une Exposition," by
Moussorgsky.

Lieutenant Gits-Rice, composer of
"Dear Old Pal of Mine," and other
popular songs, made his debut as a
member of Romy's Gang at the Capitol
Theatre broadcasting studio, last Sun-
day.

Regina Diamond gives a song recital
at Aeolian Hall, on Wednesday evening.

Roger Baldwin's Crime

(Continued from Page 1.)

attention to the fact that as a prac-
tical—not a legal—matter, the right
of peaceful assemblage during the
silk strike was achieved by that
meeting. When we announced the
day after the City Hall meeting that
we would meet in Turn Hall the fol-
lowing week with Bishop Paul Jones
of the Episcopal Church, the Rev.
John Nevin Sayre and other speak-
ers, and notified the Chief of Police,
he abandoned his arbitrary and law-
less position, and told the strikers
that the police would not interfere
further with their meetings in Turn
Hall. We held our scheduled meet-
ing the following week, continuing
the City Hall meeting from the point
at which the police broke it up. Two
days later we held another meeting
at which the principal speaker was
the Workers' party representative,
whose attacks on local officials had
caused the Chief to close the hall.
From that time on during the strike
there was no police interference with
freedom of speech and assemblage.
There was no violence or disorder.
Our practical purpose had been ac-
complished.

But the Chief of Police was not
satisfied to let matters rest there.
He went to the Grand Jury and se-
cured this indictment on which we
have been tried before you, the first
trial on this ancient charge ever to
take place in this State. Although,
by his surrender after the City Hall
meeting, he admitted his error, nev-
ertheless he sought to vindicate po-
lice brutality by punishing our de-
fiance of his orders.

Riot Caused By the Police

We believe that the evidence
showed that whatever riot or dis-
order took place at the City Hall
meeting was caused solely by the po-
lice in violently dispersing a peace-
ful meeting held to protest against
their high-handed abuse of power.
There were scores of officers there,
ready with drawn clubs to act. The
testimony clearly shows that the
procession from the strikers' hall
arrived with the flag at its head, and
that Mr. Butterworth was attempt-
ing to read from the Bill of Rights
when the police began swinging their
clubs. Two men were brutally as-
saulted, and their scalps split open.
The testimony shows there was no
resistance worthy of the name by
the crowd, which was dispersed in a
few moments. It was stated that
a few men struck back at officers in
their indignation at this assault upon
a peaceful meeting, the effort to tear
the American flag from the Kimball
sisters and to prevent the reading
of the Bill of Rights. Those cases
are incidental. They are covered by
another indictment, and have no re-
ference to the purpose of this meet-
ing. The undisputed testimony clearly
shows that the meeting was held
with the declared purpose to protest
grievances in orderly fashion, and
that the chairman, speakers and
flag-bearers were instructed, and
had agreed in case of interference,
to submit quietly to arrest in order
to test the issue out in the courts.
One officer alone could have dispersed
that meeting by an orderly arrest
of the chairman and speakers. I
say again, your Honor, that the po-
lice and the police alone were re-
sponsible for the disorder; that
whatever lawlessness attaches to
that meeting was committed by
them.

Jury Trial Waived

We elected to try this case on
clear-cut issues of law. We, there-

Broadway Briefs

Having launched the London produc-
tion of "Dancing Mothers," Edgar Sel-
wyn in back in New York to begin
preparations for the production of three
new plays, one of which is the new
comedy which he has written in col-
laboration with William Le Baran en-
titled "Something to Brag About."

Lester Bryant, in association with
Con Conrad, will present soon a new
musical comedy, "Whadda You Say."
The book is by Philip Bartholomae, the
music by Con Conrad and the lyrics by
Hal Christy.

Carleton Kealey, orchestra conductor
for "Sky High," has composed the score
of an operetta based on the life and
music of Giuseppe Verdi.



AUGUSTIN DUNCAN
opens at the Bronx Opera House
in a new play by Kate Horton
called "Harvest," opening Mon-
day night.

fore, waived our right to a jury in
order to avoid the inevitable prej-
udices which are always aroused in
a jury trial. We have hoped for a
decision which would make it clear
for the future that citizens of Pater-
son have the right, so long abused
by the police whenever industrial
conflicts have taken place, to take
such steps as we took. We are dis-
appointed that, in your Honor's view,
the statute of 1798 impairs that
right.

The American Civil Liberties
Union, which responded to the strik-
ers' appeal to handle the test of
their rights, assumes full responsi-
bility for the meeting and for the
litigation growing out of it. It is
virtually that organization which is
before you for sentence, an organi-
zation whose sole aim is to help
maintain freedom to exercise of
those rights guaranteed by the Con-
stitution, and so often flouted by the
police. We serve impartially all
who appeal to us for help—strikers,
radicals of all sorts prosecuted for
their beliefs, the victims of mob vio-
lence and of the Ku Klux Klan—
equally, for instance, Roman Cath-
olic school-teachers whom the Klan
has sought to oust from public
schools, and the right of the Klan
itself to meet unmolested on private
property against the unlawful pro-
hibition of a Roman Catholic mayor.
We have been involved many times
in meetings forbidden by the police,
in order to test out the legal issues
in the courts. We have followed
in other places precisely the same
tactics which we followed in Pater-
son, and in such cases our belief in
what are our rights has been vindic-
ated.

Accepts Full Responsibility

Accepting as I do full responsi-
bility for this meeting, it is clear
that my fellow-defendants who at-
tended at my request and direction
are not equally responsible with me.
For them, I ask the utmost leniency
of this Court. As for myself, I was
acting officially for my organization,
not from any personal motive or in-
terest. My personal views and my
imprisonment during the war as a
conscientious objector, of which the
prosecuting attorney endeavored to
make an issue, have, I believe, nothing
to do with this case. Any one
of the officers or members of the
Civil Liberties Union might as well
be before you for sentence.

What is really behind this case
is, of course, the struggle between
two classes in society—the work-
ing class and the employing class.
This indictment would clearly
never have been brought unless
this assemblage had been held by
strikers to get their rights. I ven-
ture to say that the police would
not even have interfered with the
strike meetings had they been con-
ducted by an A. F. of L. union with
its powerful political and indus-
trial backing.

But because these strikers happen
to belong to an independent union
without affiliations elsewhere, and
are chiefly aliens, they were easy to
attack. Furthermore, the strike is-
sue was aggravated by the red bogey
of Communism and revolution; be-
cause the strike committee was as-
sisted by a representative of the
Workers' party from New York. Yet
none of these factors offers any
moral or legal justification for the
action of the police.

This trial is, of course, merely
an incident in the long struggle
of the working-class for the rights
to organize and strike. In this
struggle the police almost every-
where side with the propertied em-
ploying interests as against the
workers. We were, therefore, not
unprepared for the conduct of the
police. We have not ever looked
to them to protect anyone's rights.
But we hoped that your Honor's
decision might be in conformity
with our conception of our Con-
stitutional liberties. It is our be-
lief that Section 18 of the Consti-
tution of New Jersey assures us
the right which we have taken.
This section reads:

"The public have the right freely
to assemble together, to consult
for the common good, to make
known their opinions to their rep-
resentatives, and to petition for
redress of grievances."

Though you have decided against
us, we believe that our position
will ultimately be vindicated, and
that those rights by which alone
industrial conflict can be settled
peacefully will be fully established.

At the Cinemas

ROADWAY—Zane Grey's "Code
of the West," with Owen Moore,
Constance Bennett and Mabel
Ballin.
CAMEO—"Charley's Aunt," with
Syd Chaplin.
CAPITOL—George Eliot's "Rom-
ola," with Lillian Gish.
COLONY—"The Wizard of Oz,"
with Larry Semon, Dorothy
Divan, Mary Carr and Charlie
Murray.
RIALTO—Mae Marsh in "Tides of
Passion," from Basil King's
novel, "In a Garden of Charity."
RIVOLI—Gloria Swanson in "Ma-
dame Sans Gene."

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Saturday, April 18, 1925

CENTRALIZATION

SENATOR BORAH is disturbed because of the tendency to centralize power at Washington which he regards as a "subtle revolution." It does not occur to him that economic centralization carries with it political centralization. One is the product of the other. His own party has been the exponent of that higher capitalism of big business that is a typical product of the twentieth century. The Democratic party has competed with its opponent for the favors of the greater magnates but has not always been successful. The fact that the two capitalist parties have wooed big business shows that the tendency of centralization is inevitable.

Our statesmen and politicians do not appear to have any knowledge of social and economic evolution. When society appears to follow certain tendencies they can only "deplore" it, not understand it. This is true of even men like Borah, men who are capable of thinking but not in terms of historical change. As for the illiterates who are sent to Congress by the centres of Babbitt, they do not think at all.

Centralization appears in Congress itself in the conduct of its business. Not more than a dozen men really determine the legislative program. The rest are rubber stamps who follow orders, vote as they are told by the party brokers, and are rewarded by some distribution of "pork." Whether Congress is controlled by one party or the other makes no difference.

The situation is a product of the old age of American capitalism and it will not disappear until an informed Socialist working class falls heir to the whole works.

THE WARRING DEMOCRATS

NOT even the sainted memory of Jefferson can harmonize the Democratic party. For the first time in generations the party chiefs and brokers have been unable to eat together at a Jeffersonian dinner and the National League of Progressive Democracy was compelled to abandon the feast. The word "progressive" is amusing, especially in the mouth of the medieval Bryan. The latter still scores "reactionary" Democrats while seeking to bar science from educational institutions. As the mouthpiece of Koo Koo sentiment in the South, he is ranged against the Irish Democrats of northern cities. Wets glare fiercely at dries. The big capitalist leaders of the East detest the agrarian radicals of the West. The memories of Madison Square Garden still rankle and meat axes are concealed under the coats of a number of leaders.

The Democratic wing of capitalist politics has only one slender thread holding its factions together—the hope of office in 1926. It is like the Whig party of the '30s. Calhoun was anti-bank, anti-tariff, anti-internal improvements and a nullifier. Clay held opposite opinions on all these questions, yet both were Whigs. Their party never adopted a political program, for the very good reason that the many conflicting views made it impossible.

The Democratic party survives only as a necessity for dividing the voters. Capitalism must have another pen into which the voters may be herded when they get tired of the gang in power, but the Democratic pen is a precarious structure. Its complete collapse would be a blessing and if it goes to the junk pile we will not mourn.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN PATERSON

THE address of Roger Baldwin, which he was prevented from delivering in the court of a New Jersey judge and which appears in another part of The New Leader, is an inspiring presentation of the issue of civil rights. In its eagerness to support the textile masters of Paterson the Police Department went back to the eighteenth century for an old statute that might be used against striking workmen. Even the wording of this statute indicates that it was intended for application to assemblies which are glaringly violent in their conduct. The colonies had just passed through a stage of civil conflict between Tories and Whigs and other factions and such statutes were intended to curb assaults by individuals and mobs.

Now to invoke such a law against a peaceful meeting publicly advertised to be held in the Paterson City Hall is to pervert the intention of its authors. To imprison a man and to fine others for arranging such a meeting is a usurpation of power and an atrocious injustice. If it is a crime for organized workmen to peacefully meet to consider their grievances then it is a crime for them to organize in the first place.

But it is not a crime, and thanks to this challenge of police usurpation, we believe that an installment of civil rights has finally come to Paterson. Meantime, the trade unions of New York and New Jersey would be faithful to their duty if they permitted Roger Baldwin to go to prison without making their voices heard.

VOTING MACHINES

BECAUSE the bill to install voting machines provided that in case New York City does not install them by May 1 the Secretary of State should do so, and pay for them out of city funds in possession of the State, Governor Smith vetoes the bill. He does not want to "sandbag" the city funds. Meantime the voters may be sandbagged by Tammany thugs. A representative of the State Federation of Labor and Chairman Voorhis of the City Board of Elections opposed the bill on the ground that a voting machine may be tampered with and votes may be improperly recorded. Therefore, Tammany will remain the voting machine to "properly" record the votes.

TREATIES

Peace?
Chase the fierce dogs of war, and still their
howl:
Are ye disturbed?
The yellow fang, the throaty growl—
Are they lightly curbed—
If once they gain release?
When the hell-hounds of combat are slain, not
fed,
Ye may look ahead.

Peace?
Is the earth tranquil when under the snow
Sleeps the volcano, Wrong?
Its phantoms glow:
Will it be long
Before the slumber cease?

Not still the wrath of the crater has died
May right and peace abide.

—JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

As a matter of fact, both parties want no honest count in elections. The tortuous provisions of the vetoed bill were aimed at Tammany's stronghold, but the Republicans have no idea of honest elections in their rotten boroughs up-State. Limited as the provisions of the bill were, it should have been approved by Governor Smith. We are to continue facing elections where the thief and the thug are important factors.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

ONE of the curious alliances of our time is observed in the coalition of numerous religious organizations to enforce religious instruction in the public schools. Judaism, Catholicism, Protestantism and lesser divisions of the latter forget their differences for the present to unite in a common crusade.

It is asserted, upon the basis of figures quoted by Justice Cropsey, that of 189,000 children between twelve and eighteen years old in Brooklyn, fewer than 35,000 are receiving religious instruction of any kind. In other words, private religious organizations complain that they have failed to reach the children and they ask that the public schools be turned over to them.

Trade unions and benevolent organizations, to say nothing of many other private organizations, are just as much entitled to instruction in the schools favorable to them as private religious organizations are. Why not have a drive by all these organizations for such favors rather than by religious bodies alone?

The fact is, that what is asked is a cleverly disguised subsidy. Should the religious allies succeed in getting it, the question would then arise, What kind of religious instruction shall it be? Protestants and Catholics cannot agree on what Bible to use, while Mormons and Christian Scientists each have their own. The present solidarity of religious organizations would be resolved into quarrels and the whole school system would become involved.

The proposal is unsound, unwarranted, and is in conflict with the principle of no union between Church and State. The public schools are bad enough because of political control. They should not be made worse.

MR. HOOVER'S ECONOMICS

JUST why Herbert Hoover should be rated as a great economist because of his work in saving Belgian children during the World War passes our comprehension. However, there are many who hang on his words as the gospel of Buddha. Before the Civic Federation he observed that the fund from which increased wages are to come must be the result of more efficient production.

The history of capitalism has been a story of the multiplication of the powers of production. The standard of living of the worker has improved, but the rate of improvement has lagged enormously behind the increase in production. Moreover, there are arrested sections of industry in which wages and general conditions are as bad as they were fifty years ago.

The assumption that modern industry cannot stand generous increases in wages without first sweating still more surplus values out of the workers simply is not true. Invention and scientific management are squeezing more out of the workers every year, anyway, regardless of whether the workers consent to more "efficient" exploitation.

Capitalism is a sponge that sucks up the larger portion of increased production, while the workers get a sop. Often they do not even get the sop and sometimes wages are reduced while production is increasing. Mr. Hoover has much to learn about the economics of the present order, but whether he wants to learn is another matter.

THE Chatter-Box

Gene Debs Comes to Gotham

There is just a lighter feeling
In the light Spring air,
And a softer breeze comes stealing
Over us from everywhere;
Seems to us the sun is brighter
And the lazy cloudlings whiter;
And we hear a distant humming
Like a million bee tongues strumming
Till it sets our hearts a-drumming—
Gene is coming—Gene is coming!

That's just how ye editor felt when he was invited to attend the Debs Dinner on April 29.

Fellows, we have lots and lots of words about Gene—how we love him, how we honor him, how we just could not do without him, but those words just cannot come tripping off the tongue like boyhoodish triotels over violets.

It is a good deal like working out an anagram to arrange and set in place the profusion and confusion of adjectives and great names that tumble out of our thoughts.

Let us all turn out and feel great—get the thrill of meeting the one man of our inhuman years.

Most of our contribs. have been kept on the uneasy list awaiting news of the prize award for the first quarter of the year. Truth is, we just have not got down to an evening of clear-headedness and unbiased judgment when we could fairly deliver the bacon to the most worthy. But we shall surely come to a decision before the month's over—so the \$25.00 will just come in handy for May Day celebrating.

Contest closed on April 1 for the first quarter—which means it is now on for the second. All poems published in this column since then are eligible to the new contest. Send them in. We need more stimuli.

The Rebel

Once there was a young fellow,
Who rebelled against his ruler;
But things became so hot for him,
They put him in the cooler.

Nathan Margolis.

Earth

Earth, think not I am unaware,
That your beauty is a snare;
I know that underneath your bloom
Is but the granite face of doom,
And that your perfume is a spell
To lure me laughing into hell.

And tho' I could not sleep last night,
You lay there dreaming, still and white;
Sparkling softly as you slept,
While in your heart dull maggots crept—
What tho' I see through your disguise—
I love your pretty, wanton lies!

But I must view you from afar,
Because you are so singular;
For should I come somewhat too near
You would at once become severe,
And take me to your stony breast,
To crush me for my eager quest.

Julius Treeman.

There is nothing that so crushes us with its pathos and tragedy than the glittering Christmas and shimmering Easter shopping among the workers. One only has to compare the prices of a pretty dress, or a hat, or a pair of shoes, or a Spring coat, or the hundred lesser necessities of personal adornment, as they insolently announce themselves to the hungry eye of the worker, to the little bundle of wages that lies in pocket or pocket-book. It is the purchasing power of the millions of slaves that is appealed to from a thousand angles of advertising cunning. It is for them more than for the thousands of the upper classes that Christmas is so insistently glorified and Easter ushered in with thundering hosannas. Christ born and Christ crucified—a story that in its very bleeding shreds cries out against the age-old exploitation of the meek and the disinherited, has been so craftily turned into a glorification of that same exploitation—a fine commercialization of the godhead.

Watch them as we have watched them, pouring in and out of the great department stores, where thousands like themselves wait on them, and all of them possessed with the same faith and madness. Outrageously overcharged in season for merchandise that will go begging two weeks after Easter or Christmas, they give up months of toil and self-denial for a few comforts or indulgences.

Perhaps we are waxing a bit too dogmatic—perhaps we are a trifle hard on the poor business man, perhaps, oh! a thousand perhapes—but, with all that, we have peered into their homes, we have lived their lives, and only today we picked up an empty pay envelope reading: "Macy's—Mary Clancy, 6 days, \$16.63."

Pick up their ads. or go through their spacious salesrooms and, after separating value from shoddy, figure out for yourselves how much of a decent Spring outfit Mary Clancy could buy for five times her six-day stipend of \$16.63.

Perhaps we are a little too hard on the world, on business, on Christmas and Easter.

See you in the Fifth Avenue parade next Sunday—what?

S. A. DE WITT.

side whether the party will accept responsibility for organizing a Ministry and, if the answer is favorable, what the Government's program shall be. Out of the 187 Deputies in the Chamber the Socialists have 79. Although the strongest party in Belgium, the Socialists are still a minority and a Ministry for which they are responsible would be unable to carry out the more important sections of its working class program.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Revolts in Latin-America

Two revolts are reported in Latin-America this week, each following the military model that has been fashionable for hundreds of years. Reports from Honduras are that General Gregorio Ferrera has started a revolutionary movement and that the Government has declared martial law. In Colombia it is reported that a military revolt was planned during the absence of President Nel Ospina, but his unexpected return and arrest of a number of military officers foiled the attempt. Last February the American State Department permitted the sale of arms and munitions to Honduras to suppress insurrections. The military cliques in these little nations present a "problem" for American imperialists. They want "stability" for American investors but where a native ruler attempts to prevent American domination a revolution is looked upon with favor. If a tool of American imperialism is in power he is regarded as the "legitimate" executive and is helped to stay in power. On the whole, the American policy is one favoring "legitimacy." This recalls the Monroe Doctrine, originally hurled against the "legitimate" pretensions of European monarchs, has been so changed that today it is a doctrine of "legitimacy" favoring American financial imperialism.

Two Court Decisions

Practically all of the powers of the Kansas Industrial Court have been nullified by a decision of the United States Supreme Court and former Governor Allen's remedy for wiping out the class struggle goes into the discard. The Court holds that the law is in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment, that it "infringes the liberty of contract and rights of property" and that it would compel "owner and employees to continue business on terms which are not of their own making." Compulsory arbitration is therefore outlawed. One gathers from the language of the decision, however, that it is property interests that constituted the most important consideration in making the decision. Even so, conscription of Labor in the interest of capitalist corporations is not a method sanctioned by the Supreme Court. The decision ends the hopes of those in other States who have desired to conscript wage workers for capitalist combinations. Another decision announced on the same day gives judicial approval to the enforcement of the open shop by agreement of capitalist organizations so long as they confine the agreement to a State. This case arose out of such a combination in California which has carried out the policy of refusing to sell building material to persons who maintained union shops. The Court holds that the agreement is purely a "local matter" which does not interfere with interstate commerce.

Sen. Wheeler On Trial

What promises to be an important and interesting trial is scheduled for this week in Montana. Senator Burton K. Wheeler

Karolyi vs. Bureaucrats

Michael Karolyi as he disappeared from the free soil of Canada. Speaking for that imperial bureau, the New York Sun reported that Gladys Vanderbilt's husband, Count Czechenyi, Horthy's Ambassador at Washington, was responsible for the gag imposed on Karolyi and that the State Department admits it. The stupid bureaucrats are also said to regret that they had made the "mistake" of admitting Karolyi, as in this case the publicity given him would have been avoided. If the Department had not consented to take orders from Horthy the publicity of which it complains would not have occurred. Like the fool who mistakenly places a noose around his neck only to find that it hurts, the State Department spokesmen can only whine because of their own folly and usurpation. As though to make our bureaucrats the more contemptible, Dr. M. A. Goldzieher, Professor of Pathology at Budapest University, states that the Italian Premier, Bonomi, in 1921, admitted that Karolyi's expulsion from Italy was a mistake. This scuttles another excuse offered by the State Department for its action. Probably no other incident in recent years has provoked the satire of the cartoonists and cynicists as this action of the State Department.

Bulgarian Politics

It isn't necessary to assume that the assassination of General Georgieff and the attack on King Boris in Bulgaria are the work of Bulgarian Communists. Physical assaults and murders are as normal in Bulgarian politics as Tammany theft of ballots in New York

City. Georgieff, for example, was one of the leaders in the movement that ousted the Peasant Premier Stamboulski and who murdered the latter while a prisoner. The Peasant party has never forgotten this and it is probable that some of its prominent members have been nursing their grievance and waiting for an opportunity to retaliate. The Communist movement has its chief following among the peasants and its leaders have often issued proclamations in the approved Zinoviev style. It is said that this is the thirty-eighth political murder in Bulgaria since last August, which simply indicates that politics is thriving in this little mountain autocracy. A number of Communists have contributed to the list of the dead.

Organizing a French Cabinet

The fall of Herriot, the French Premier, followed shortly after the announcement that the Bank of France had exceeded the legal limit of note issue by more than 2,000,000,000 francs. In permitting this transaction Herriot had simply followed the course of his predecessors. It is either a case of inflation or levying a tax on capital and this issue is still before the new Cabinet and any other Cabinet that may succeed it. Herriot pointed out the sins of those who preceded him before he resigned. The renegade Briand wooed the Socialists in the hope of getting them to enter his proposed Cabinet. He failed. On Wednesday, the Socialist Party Council decided to participate in the Painleve Ministry, but on Thursday it was doubtful whether any Socialists would be offered posts. The Socialist Party has adopted a program for a capital levy and will fight for it in the Chamber. The new Ministry is certain to encounter the same antagonism that faced Herriot, while Briand is reported as nursing a grudge because of alleged "secret intrigues" against him by Herriot. French bankers, capitalists and profiteers are likely to wage a stiff fight against parting with any of their loot, even to save their sacred country. On the other hand, if inflation is continued, the French Government will have to hang up a sign of bankruptcy and become another sick child for the international bankers to take care of.

A Socialist Cabinet in Belgium

The big Socialist gains in Belgium are followed by the resignation of the Theunis Ministry and Emile Vandervelde, one of the leading Socialists of Europe, is called upon to form a Ministry. The Theunis Ministry was a precarious coalition of Clericals and Liberals, with the Clericals divided into two factions. The Socialists and Flemish Nationalists constituted the opposition. Despite the excellent gains of the Socialists in the recent election it will be no easy matter for Vandervelde to organize a Ministry that will be stable. It will be remembered that Vandervelde, in anticipation of being called upon to organize a Ministry, said that this matter would be up to the party to decide. The General Council of the party has called a special Congress for Sunday to de-